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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Captain Thomas Stukeley

1605

Date of first known edition, 1605

[*B.M. C.* 21., *c.* 35(1)]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Captain Thomas Stukeley

1605

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

A.254022

Captain Thomas Stukeley

1605

The original of this facsimile reprint is in the British Museum, Press-mark C. 21, c. 35(1). It is (or rather was) like "Fair Em" (q.v), grouped with other tracts; but, this reproduction completed, the volume has been sent to the binder's for each item to be bound separately. This of course will necessitate a new press-mark. Another copy is in the Bodleian Library.

As regards Thomas Stukeley, the subject of the play, see the "D.N.B." and Mr. Simpson's biography of that soldier-worthy.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the MS. Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy reports that the reproduction is of the usual high standard of merit.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE Famous Hiſtorye of

the life and death of Captaine
Thomas Stukeley.

With his marriage to Alderman
Curteis Daughter, and valiant ending
of his life at the Battaile of
ALCAZAR.

As it hath beene Acted.

Printed for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be ſold at
his ſhop at the entrance into the
Exchange, 1605.

THE
Famous Hiſtory of
the life and death of Captaine *Thomas Stukeley.*

Cur. Proceed ſon Vernon, on with your diſcourſe.
Ver. Sir Thomas Curteis, ſpare that name of ſonne. I muſt confes I ſhould haue bin your Sonne, and had thereto your Wiues and your conſent.
Cur. And had ſon Vernon, I and ſo haue ſtill:
Bones a Mod man, if I be a Knight,
Sir Thomas Curtiſe, and an Alderman.
they that ſay deny my Daughter is not yours: Roundly off.
by ye and nay I think them not my friends,
Paſſion of me man, not my Daughter yours:
What ſay you wife.
Wife. Husband what ſhould I ſay,
Is it not knowne through London, doo not our frends
daily expect the marriage of our childe,
to maiſter Vernon here: and aſke ye me,
what ſay you wife:
Cur. Why heard ye not his words,
he muſt confeſſe he ſhould haue bin our Son:
and thereto had both your conſent and mine:
haue you denied him ſince. Paſſion of me,
Beſſe, and Son both, theſe ſpeches make me muſe
not haue our Daughter.
Wife. Husband, husband, perhaps his mind is chaung'd,
or our girls portion is not great enough,
and therefore now he ſeeks to breake it off.

Cur. Sits the winde there wiſe? ha, thinke ye ſo?
by yea and nay, then wiſe he deale not well.
Come roundly roundly come, what is the matter?
paſſion of me, breake off, and for no cauſe? ha?
Ver. Sir Thomas patience but your ſelfe a while.
and you ſhall ſée, that méere neceſſitie
breakes offour match.
Cur. On then a Gods name,
Ver. I doubt not, but by marriage of your childe,
you ſeeke ſuch comforts as the ſacred ſtate,
yeelds you as parents, vs as children?
Cur. what elſe Sonne Vernon?
And thoſe high bleſſings, no way are attained,
but by the mutuall ſimpathizing loue,
that as combining hands ſo ſhould the harts,
of either partie, elſe it cannot be.
Cur. all this is true Sonne Vernon.
Ver. now then Sir Thomas, you cannot expect
theſe comforts by our matches on neither part
If you giue me her hand and not her hart,
The one I know you may, compulſiuely.
the other never but vnwillingly
Cur. Bones of dod man, how? what haue we héere?
her hand and nother hart. Nell, come hither Nell,
paſſion of me wench, how comes this to paſſe
we point ye one, you loue another, ha?
Wife. May this be ſo maide, ha? why ſpeake ye not.
Ver. Madam, and good Sir Thomas be not rough
with your faire daughter, what her baſhfulnes
conceales from you, fauour me to diſcloſe
Sée ye this Gentleman héere maiſter Stukley?
Cur. Oh maſter Stukly a courteous Gentleman,
what of him?
Ver. he is the ſubſtance of my ſhadowed loue,
I but a Cipher, in reſpect of him.
you giue me your conſent, but he gaines hers,

you

you wed me to her hand, he hath her hart.
Oh what a wrong in you, were this to her,
being your childe, and hope of after ioy,
Oh what a wrong in me, were this to him,
being my frend, my deere, eſteemed frend,
to rob her of her harts beſt happines,
him of the good his gracious fortune giues:
If I ſhould hinder him, or you keepe her,
from this right match, which reaſon doth prefer.

Cur. Bones a dod Nell, how? loue maiſter Stukly.

Wife. A handſome proper man, but how now daughter? muſt maids be chuſers.

Stuk. Madam and kind Sir Thomas, looke on me,
not with diſdainfull lookes, or baſe contempt.
I am a Gentleman, and well deriu'de,
equall I may ſay, in all true reſpects,
with higher fortune then I aime at now.
But ſince your daughters vertues and firme loue,
in each of vs hath made reſolued choiſe,
Since my deare frend to me hath yeelded vp,
what right he might prefer to your faire childe,
in true regard of our ſo mutuall loue:
So you your ſelues make perfect thoſe faire hopes,
that by contracted marriage you expect,
where either partie reſteth fully pleas'd.

Hel. Vpon my knees deare parents I intreat it,
and count it not in me immodeſty,
to loue the man, whom heauen appointed for me.
your choiſe I muſt commend, but mine much more,
bearing the ſeale of firme affection,
his vertues in the publick worlds repute,
deſerueth one more worthy then my ſelfe,
Since maiſter Vernon then prefers his friende,
before him ſelfe, and in ſo iuſt a caſe:
let me intreat that reaſon may take place.

Ver. To further it, thus frankely I begin,
here deare Tom Stukly, all the right I haue,
In faire Nell Curtes, I reſigne to thee.
be but her parents, pleaſd ſo well as I,
God giue you ioy as man, and wife ſay I.
Stuk. What ſaies Sir Thomas ſhall I call him father?
and Madam, you my mother?
Cur. Soft and faire Sir.
Come hither wife, Stukly is a gallant man,
and one here in our Citty much beloued,
Wife. May huſband, both in Court and country too,
a Gentleman well borne, and as I heare,
his fathers heire, the match were not amiſſe
ſince Nell is ſo affected to him, and beſide,
you ſee that maiſter Vernon leaues her quite,
Cur. Paſſion of me wife, but I heard laſt day,
hées very wilde, a quarreller, a fighter,
I, and I doubt a ſpend good too.
Wife. That is but youthfulnes, marriag will tame him,
young Gentlemen will run their courſe awhile,
and yet be nere the worſe.
Cur. Say ye ſo wife,
Well, Son Vernon (ſhould haue bin) and maiſter Stukley,
Come, we will dine together, and talke more
concerning this new motion. Well Nell, well,
you cannot chuſe a man? not you? by yea and nay,
I grow in good opinion of him, come, no more a doo,
we will to dinner, and be merry too.
Stuk. I feele thee comming fortune, if it proue,
bleſt be the woing ſpeeds ſo ſoone of loue. Exeunt.

Enter maiſter Stukly, and maiſter Newton,
a ſittiſen.

Old Stuklie. Ber Lady we haue ſitten well my hoſt
tis one a clock my watch ſaies: what ſaies your clock
Newton

Newton. much there about Sir, is it your pleaſure we
prepare your Lodging.

Old Stuk. What elſe Sir, nay I will not chang mine hoſt
good maiſter Newton Ile be bold with you
mine old frend and aquantance and companion,
who euer elſe be here I muſt be one,
you ſhall not driue me from you: that you ſhall not.

Newton. my very worſhipfull and louing frend maiſter
ſtukly you are right welcome to my houſe,
and be as bold heare as you were at home
will you abroad ſo ſone Sir after Dinner.

Old Stuk. Yes Sir about a little Buſineſſes:

Newton. Beſhrow me Sir, you haue come far to day
I pray you reſt your ſelfe this after noone,
your Bed ſhall be made ready if you pleaſe,
and take to morrow for your Buſineſſes.

Old Stuk. O Sir I thanke you, but it ſhal not need,
I thanke god Sir I am as freſh and luſty
as when I ſet this morning from mine Inne,
tut forty miles is nothing before noone:
now in mid Aprill and the waies ſo faire.

Newton. I am younger then your ſelfe by twenty yéers,
and Ber-Lady would not vndertake it.

Old Stuk. Yo twenty yéers ago: I haue ridden from this
Towne to my houſe and here downe bit:
but maiſter Newton thoſe daies and I be parted
well Sir Ile to the Temple to ſée my ſonne,
when ſaw you that vnthrifty Boy Tom Stuklie

Newton. He was not here ſince you were laſt in towne
but the other day I ſaw him come vp fleet-ſtréet
with the Lord Winſor, and Lord Aburganny,
an Irish Lord or two in companie,
I promiſe you he is a gallant man:

Old Stuk. I had as liue you had ſéen him in the Temple
walk, conferring with ſome learned Councelor
or at the moote vpon a caſe in Law.

New.

Newton. Sir ſo you may I doubt not on occaſion
Old Stuk. I promiſe you I doubt it maiſter Newton,
I heare ſome things that pleaſeth me but a little,
it is not my allowance ſerues the turne
to maintaine company with Noblemen.
Newton. why Sir it ſhowes he Bears a gallant mind
I faith he is a gallant ſprightly youth,
of a fine mettle and an Actiue ſpirit,
Old Stuk. god make him honeſt Sir: and giue him grace
Newton. my wife expects your company at ſupper,
Old Stuk. Yes Sir God willing.
Newton. and if your ſō be at leiſure, I pray you bring him
Old Stuk. I thank you Sir, I her his corage very much
but to licentious that is all I fear, commended
but that he doth accommodate with the Beſt,
in that he ſhowes himſelfe a Gentleman,
and though perhaps he ſhall not know ſo much,
I do not much miſlike that humor in him.
A Gentleman of Bloud and quallity,
to ſort himſelf amongſt the nobleſt ſpirits,
ſhewes the true ſparks of honourable worth,
and rightly ſhowes in this he is mine owne,
For when I was of young Tom Stuklies yeares
and of the Inns of court as he is now,
I would be conuerſant ſtill with the Beſt
the Braueſt ſpirits, that were about the town,
But ſoft this is his chamber as I take it
he knocks. Enter the Page.
Page. who calles there,
gods me my maiſters father, now my maiſter hes
at the Tabling houſe to, what the deuill makes this
old Crackle-braech here now, howe the por
ſtumbled he hether, god ſaue your worſhip.
Old Stuk. how now Boy: wheres your maiſter
Page. he is not come from dinner Sir,

Old Stuk.

Old Stuk. how not from dinner: tis paſt dinner time in the hall an hower ago. Harke ye ſirra tell me true is he in commonds, tell me not a lie now

Aſide.

Page. What ſhall I do, I am in a pittifull caſe A pox on him for an old Scand-pouch: if he take me with a lie now, by this fleſh and bloud, heele whip me moſt Pernitiouſly: if I ſhould ſay he is in commonds and he proue it not ſo, by this light hele pepper me, faith Ile tell truth.

Old Stuk. Sirra why ſpeake you not,

Page. I thinke he be not in commonds Sir,

Old Stuk. Where dinnes he,

Page. At Palmers ordinary,

Old Stuk. your maiſter is an ordinary Student,

Page. indeed Sir he ſtudies very extraordinarily,

Old Stuk. and you the rope-ripe ordinarily, I ſent him money to prouid him Bookes

Page. See ſee, the deuil ought my maiſter a ſhame and now he has paid him: he had nere ſo much grace as to Buy him a kepe to his ſtuddy doze: if he haue ere a Booke there, but old hackt ſwords as Foxes Bilbocs, and Horne-Buckles, I am an Infidell, I cannot tell what to doe. Ile deuiſe ſome ſcuſe

Old Stuk. Sirra heare yee me, giue me the key of his

Page. Sir he euer carries it about him, (ſtuddy

Old Stuk. how let me ſee methinks the doze ſtands open

Page. A plague one it, he hath found it: I was not war Sir, be like he had thought he had lock it and turnd the key to ſhort. aſide now we ſhall ſee this old cutter play his part for infaith hees furniſhed with all kind of weapons,

Old ſtuk. what be theſe my ſons bookes I promiſe you A ſtuddy richly furniſht. well ſaid Tom ſtukly,

Laying out all his Tools.

Here gallowes clapper here. Be theſe your maiſters Bookes:
for Littleton, Stamford and Brooke heeres
long ſword, ſhort ſword, and Buckler, but alls
for the Bar: yet I had ment to haue made my
ſonne a Barriſter not a Baratter: but I ſée he
meanes not to trouble the law: I pray god the law
trouble not him: ſirra Halter-ſacke

Page. Sir.

Old ſtuk. Where is this towardly youth your maiſter.
this Lawier this Lawier, I would faine ſée him, his learned
maiſterſhip: where is he.

Page. It will not be long before he comes Sir.

Old Sukly goes againe to the ſtuddy.

If he be not curſt in his mothers Belly
héele kéepe him out of the way: I would I were with
him too: for I ſhall haue a Baiting worſe then a hanging

Old ſtuk. If he haue ſo much as a candſtick I am a traitor, but an old hilt of a Broken ſword to ſet his light in
not a ſtandith as I am a man, but the Bottom
of a Temple pot, with a little old ſarſnet in it.
héeres a fellow like to proue a Lawier, if ſword and,
Buckler hold.

Enter ſtuklie at the further end
of the ſtage.

ſtuk. Boy, has Dicke Blackſtone ſent home my new
Buckler, rogue why ſtirs thou not

Page. What a gaping keep you: a pox on't, my old maiſter
is heare: youle hate yfaith.

Stuk. How long has he béene héere rogue.

Page. Th'is two howers.

ſtukly. Zownds he has bén taking an Inuentorye of my
houſhould ſtuffe: all my brauery lies about the flour

Old Stuk. O thou graceles boy, how doeſt thou beſtowe
He kneeles downe. thy time

Stuk. Your bleſſing god father.

Old Stuk. O thou vnbleſſed Boy, thou bild lewd vnthrift
Stuk. How does my mother Sir, and all in Hampſhere,
Old Stuk. The worſe to heare of thy demeanure here
Stuk. I am glad to heare of their good health: god continue
Old Stuk. Thou graceles rake hell and is all my coſt it.
this fiue years ſpace here for thy maintinance,
ſpent in this ſort thou lewd miſordred villaine.
Stuk. Sir I am glad to ſée you looke ſo well,
I promiſe you it ioyes me at the hart
boy bring the chaire and let my father ſit,
and if old maiſter Prouye be within
Ile call him ſir to beare you company
Old Stuk. I, I, thou carſt not how thou ſtopſt my mouth
ſo that thou hearſt not of thy villany,
it is no maruell though you write ſo oft
for ſeuerall ſoms to furniſh you with Bookes,
beléeue me Sir, your Caddys richly furniſht:
Stuk. This villaine boy, nere dreſſes vp the chamber
I pray thée put theſe things out of the way.
Old Stuk. I would I could caſt thée out of the way
And ſo I ſhould not ſée my chameles ſonne
Be theſe the Bookes Sir that you looke vpon.
Stuk. Father this as right a Foxe as ere you ſaw
And has beene as ſoundly tride as any blade in England
Old Stuk. I truſt you'le make me account Sir of my mo-
ny. Indeed Sir: he dos raſcand very faſt in the hilts,
And is a little Crooked at the point:
Old Stuk. Tom Stukly, what a ſhame is this for thee,
To ſée ſo many of thy countrymen
Of whom the world did nere expect thy hopes
ſo forward, and ſo towardly to the Law,
And thou whoſe infancies did flatter me,
with expectation of ſo many goods:
To proue A bery chaungling and to follow,
theſe ruffanly and bild diſordred courſes.

Stuk. Nay hark you father I pray you be content. I haue done my goodwill, but it will not doe. John A-Nokes and John A-ſtyles and I cannot cotten. O this law french is worſe then Butter'd macherell, ful of Bones, ful of Bones, it ſticks here it will not down, Aurum potabile will not get it down, my grand-father, beſtowe as much of you as you haue done of me, but of my conſcience you were as I am, a true man to the houſe, you toke nothing away with you.

Old ſtuk. O had thy grandſir beene as kind to me as I haue beene to thee, thou bild lewd bnthrift I had done well.

ſtuk. nay ſo you do, God be thanked, but hark you Father there is a nearer way to the wood then all This. A nearer cut, then ſcratching for things out Of a ſtandish all a mans life, which I haue found Out, and if you will ſtick to me, I doubt not but You ſhall thinke I haue beſtowed my time well And this it is. I am in poſſibility to marry Alderman Curteſſes Daughter, now father if you will Open the Bagg of your affection and ſpeake but A few good words for me to the old Alderman thées mine horſe and ſote.

Old ſtuk. But with what coulour can I ſpeake for thee Being ſo lewd and Prodigall a (ſpend thrift) A common quarreller, with theme I ſpeake it, That I dare ſcarſly owne thée with my credit.

ſtuk. Peace good father: no more of that, ſtick to me once, if you will but tickle the olde fellow in The eare, louſe you, with a certaine word called a Joyuter: Ha, that ſame Joynter, and a proper man withall as I am, will draw you on a wench: as a ſquirrils ſkin, will draw one a ſpanish ſhoe

Old ſtuk. Now afore god Tom ſtukly: thy ryots Are ſo notorious in the Citty: As I am much a fraid the Alderman,

will

Will not be wrought to yéld vnto the match,
Stuk. I father this is certaine, but all thats nothing,
I haue the wenches goodwill and he muſt yeeld
Spight of his hart: ſhes worth forty thouſand pound
O father this is the right Philoſophers
ſtone, true multiplication I haue found it.
Old Stuk. Well Sirra, come and goe with me to ſupper:
whether Ile ſend for a frend or two of mine,
and take their better counſels in the matter.
Stuk. I pray you let it be ſo: Sirra Boy
Locke the doore, and bring my ſword:
Page. I will Sir.

Enter at one doore Croſſe the Mercer at another ſpring the Vintyner.

Croſſe. I nere heard ſuch a murmur of a marriage
Yet for my life I cannot méete a man
that roundly can report the certainty,
ſpring. I cannot méet a man in any place,
But ſtill he hath this marriage in his mouth,
This day ſaies one, to morrow ſaies another
Another ſaies tis paſt, and he was there:
Another tels me that vpon his knowledge
it is not yet this three dais at the leaſt:
I thinke the world is ſet a madding I.
Croſſe. What maiſter ſpring the Vintner
I pray god Sir your ſmell be as good as your taſt
ſpring. Maiſter Croſſe the Mercer ift euen ſo, you haue
ſomthing in the wind: I beleeue you haue bin brought to
the Booke as wel as your neighbours: vpon my life he
Comes vpon the ſame Buſines that I doe, and perhaps
he can tell me how the world goes here
well met maiſter Croſſe.
Croſſe. What maiſter ſpring whether away:
ſpring. I was about to aſke you as much

Come, I know you are harkning to Alderman Curt. heare
Croſſe. Do you would faine haue ſome companie. I feel
you. Go to, Tom Stukely ſhall haue the wench: and helter
ſkelter, the Aldermans bags ſhall paie for all.
spring Art thou a true Prophet?
Croſſe. I was adreamt to night, that he paide me all in
double Piſtolets.
spring. I would I had mine in plaine Testerns.
Croſſe. Tut, beggerly paiment, hang it.
Enter sharpe the Cutlar, and Blunt the Buckler maker.
What, more of the ſame Coate, all birds of a feather
spring. Sharpe the Cutler of Fleetſtreat methinks,
And Blunt of the Strand the Buckler maker.
Croſſe. Haue at him at Blunt and Sharpe, for ſworde
and buckler, we are for him.
sharp. Wel met maiſter Spring.
spring. So are you maiſter Sharpe.
Croſſe. What maiſter Blunt, ſhall we lie at Ward?
Putting out his hand
Blunt I pray God we may ſir, to ſaue our ſelues by
this marriage.
spring. Stay here coms Tom.
Stukely, and Jacke Harbart.
Enter Stukely and Harbart in their hoſe and doublets,
Croſſe Whats the matter.
ſtuk. To ſpeake it publikly, in ſuch a preſence,
he hath vndone his daughter by the marriage,
you are a moſt diſgracefull Idcot:
The greateſt iniurie ere croſt my ſpirit
could not haue drawne ſo baſe a wrong from me.
Harbart I ſpake it but in myrth, but ſince your ſnuffe
Is ſo ſoon lighted, let it quench againe:
Are you ſo tetchy Stukely, with apor.
ſtuk. You are a ſlaue thus to abuſe me Harbert,
Harb you are a vain fole Stukely ſo to call me,
ſtuk. Inforce me not I prethe at this time.
Har. Inforce you, zbloud, you wi[illegible]ot be inforced

ſtuke. Harbart your bloods to hot
harb. You haue brought me into the ayre to cole it then.
ſtuke. Thou haſt almoſt tempted me beyond my ſtrength
Harb. if I wiſht that I would be your euell ſperit.
Cro. heres ſword and buckler by me call for clubs.
spring. ſo we may beate out the braines of our buſineſſe,
ſharp. we come in an ill time.
Blunt. So I feare.
Croſſe. how now Sharp, is your edge taken off.
sharp. I am blunted with my neighbour in faith.
ſtuk. Thou camſt on purpoſe Harbert to diſgrace me.
Harb. Sirra your mothers ſon lies in his throat.
ſtuk. I pray the ſtand not thus.
Harb. To vnder prop your choller leaſt it fall.
ſtuk. Thou haſt found a time to triumph one my courag when I am gyued: durſt thou elſe haue ſaide thus much.
Harb. When will ye be vnfettered.
ſtuk. Wher ere I mæt you next, Ile haue you by the ears
Harb. Stukly you ſhall not tie keepe you from my ears by the length of my rapier.
ſtuk. ſaie no more.

Enter Curteis, Mother Bride, and the reſt.

Bride. Where is my huſband, where is maiſter ſtuklie, alaſſe my hart: vpon my wedding to fall out thus.
Moth. For gods ſake: good ſonne ſtuklie and M. Harbart pacifie your ſelfe. is here
Curtiſſe. Fie, Tom fie, fie, Bones a Dod man, what coile
ſtuk: What meane you ſir: why riſe you from the table we riſe for nothing but to talke a little,
aſide, Harbart looke to it, by this Bleſſed day ile be with
Harb. I would the day were come, you
but you take day ſtill with your creditors.
spring. I do not like that,
Croſſe. What doeſt thou meane.
spring. That he ſhuld take longer day with his creditors.

Mother.

Mother. For gods loue good ſonne Stukely be content.
Cut. gods bleſt Captaine Harbert, Bones of Dod man be content.
Harb. we are good friends with all my hart,
the Dyning roome Sir growing ſomwhat hot,
we ſtept out hether but to take the ayre,
Stuke. Bride. I pray thee good ſweet hart be not ſo angry,
and Captaine Harbart let me tell you this,
knowing the diſpoſition of your friend,
you might haue ſpard the ſpæches that you vſed.
Harb. If they haue any way diſpleaſed you,
I am verie ſorie.
But let him take them how he will I care not,
Stuk. Harbart, Ile make you eate your words.
Cut. Gods me bleſt, lets to dinner again, als, well als well, Come, come, come.
Mother. Come Maſter Harb. you ſhall be my priſoner:
Daughter take you your huſband by the hand, and let vs in to Dinner. Exit.
Croſſe. Heres a wedding indeed. I perceiue by this,
that we come in ill ſeaſon for our monie.
spring. I would I had my debt before Harbart e he mæt
Sharp. why ſo maſter spring?
spring. Becauſe, If they two mæte, I feare
One of them payes for it, they are two tall
Gentlemen, as England yéelds.
Blunt. Well, lets awaie for this, and come to morrowe the ſoner.
Croſſe. Content.

Enter Vernon with Hamdon and Ridley, two of his Friends.

Ham. If not at our requeſts, yet gentle friend,
For your owne ſafetie, change your former mind:
Haue you not wealth, Whie ſhould you leaue the Land?
Rid. Are you not here of credit in the Cittie,

Why

Why ſhould you then betray your forward hopes
Upon a wilful and vncertaine humor?
Ver. I know that my eſtate is ſound and good,
as on the one ſide ſtrengthened with rich frends,
and one the other well eſtabliſhed
by the aſſiſtance of a priuate ſtock:
yet what is this? Or all externall pompe
that otherwiſe is incident to men,
If the mind want that comfort it ſhould haue?
beleeue me Gentlemen it is as muſicke,
to men in priſon, or as Dainty meate
brought to a ſick man, whoſe afflicting paine
hath neither left him appetite nor taſt.
Ham. How ſprings this diſcontent? wherein lies
this gall of Conſcience that deſturbs you ſo?
Rid. We are your friends ſhowe vs your inward griefe,
And we will either finde a remedy,
Or charing euery one a part of it.
So leſſen it, and it ſhall loſe his force.
Ham. In it for ſorrow you forſwoke your Bride,
and gaue your intereſt to another man.
Rid. You hit the naile vpon the head: tis that
and nothing elſe that breeds this diſcontent.
Ver. Be not deceiu'd, I did it by aduiſe,
Nor do I any way repent me of it:
She lou'd not me, albeit I honord her:
and ſuch a match what were it but to ioyne
fire and water? Marriage is no toy,
to be deſired where there is Diſlike,
and therefore weighing his deſerts with mine,
her loue to him, and his to her againe,
I rather choſe to benefite my Friend,
whereby two might be pleaſd: than credillie
aſſuming what I might, diſpleaſe all three. (loue?
Ham. What then hath weand you from your countreys

Ver. Nor that, nor any thing, I know not what:
yet whilſt I breath this native ayre of mine,
Methinks I ſucke in poiſon to my hart:
and whilſt I tread vpon this Engliſh earth,
It is as if I ſet my careleſſe feet
Upon a banke, where vnderneath is hid
a bed of crawling Serpents: any place
but only here (methinks) would make me happy,
Say twere the meaneſt Cottage in the world:
But here I am accurſt, and here I liue,
as one depriued both of ſoule and ſence.
Which ſtrange conceit from whence it ſhould proceed,
I cannot vtter, other than from this,
That I am fired with a deſire to trauell,
and ſee the faſhions, ſtate, and qualities
of other Countries: Therefore if you loue me
offer no further to reſiſt in me
The ſetled reſolution of my mind.

Rid. Yet ſince you needs will leaue vs and the Realme,
go not to Ireland: The countries rude
and full of tumult and rebellious ſtrife,
Rather make choiſe of Italy or France.

Ver. My word is paſt vnto a Gentleman,
with whom I will not breake: and here he comes.

Enter Harbart and another Captaine.

Har. Sir as I told you, euen at dinner time,
His fury was ſo great, as he muſt needs
Riſe from the table to confer with me,
About my ſpeeches which I did maintaine,
And ſure if place had ſerued we there had fought.

Cap. I would I could deuiſe to make you friends,
The rather for I heare he is appointed
to haue a charg in this our Iriſh expedition.

Ham. It is no matter: Harbart fears him not,

I make as little reckoning of my blood
as he of his: and will at any time,
Or when he dares méet him vpon that quarrell.
Ver. Captaine well met.
Harb. Maiſter Vernon we ſtay for you,
Our horſes halfe an houer agoe were ready,
And we had backt them but we lackt your companie.
Ver. Some conference with theſe gentlemen my frends
Made me neglect mine houre: but when you pleaſe,
I now am ready to attend on you.
Harb. It is well done, we will away forthwith,
Saint albans though the day were further ſpent
We may well reach to bed to night.
Ver. Kinde frends I now muſt bid ye both farewell.
Ham. Naie we wil ſée you Mounted ere we part. (Exeunt.

Enter Curtes and his Caſher.

Cur. Sirrha, what men are thoſe that ſtay without?
Caſh. Some that would ſpeake with M. Stukly Sir.
Cur. Know will their buſines is, or whence they come
Caſh: Tradeſmen they are, and of the Citty ſir,
But what their buſines is I cannot tell.
Cur. Vpon my life ſome Creditors of his,
That hearing of his matching with my Daughter
come to demaund ſome mony which he owes them.
It is euen ſo, They know he hath receiude
his marriage money: they perceiue hées ſtuſh,
and meane to ſhare with him, ere all be gone.
Ile ſée the ſequele: Here he coms himſelfe,
and with him (O the body of me)
Halfe the Tradeſmen in the towne (I thinke)

Enter Stukelie with bagges of money. After him thronging Arthur Croſſe the Mercer, Iohn ſparing the Vint. William ſharp, Tho, Thump, Geo, liaz, tennis keeper, henry Cracke

The Fencer, and Ieffery Blurt, Baliffe of Finsbury: with written notes in their hands.

Stuk. Now ye ſlaues: a man can no ſoner ſlep into a litle wealth, but preſently poule haue the ſent of him, poule bilit him, heres billes enough: had I now as many ſhot and piks, I would with a baliant band of mine owne ſubiects march among the Iriſh, but let me ſee: deliuer your petition

Croſſe deliuers his bill.

Ile proue an honeſt man athe chauncerie

Cur. Little law I feare and leſſer Conſcience.

ſtukly The groſſe ſum of your debt Sir.

Croſſe. two hundred pound.

Stuk. For what?

Croſſe. For ſilks and veluets Sir.

Stuk. Your name.

Cros. Arthur Croſſe the Mercer.

ſtuk. Well maiſter Croſſe, the firſt ſillabell of your name might haue ſpard ye this labour: but all is one: thers your money.

Cur. Two hundered pounds? ſo theirs an end of that, I will be ſworne I got it not ſo ſone.

Stuk. Your title to my purſe.

Spa. Thurty pounds Sir.

Stuk. For what?

Spa. For Tauerne ſuppers, and for quarts of wine

ſtuk. Oh at the Gray hound in fleetſtreet.

spa. I Sir the ſame.

Stuk. Your name is Sparing.

spa. John Sparing Sir, the vintener.

Cur. you ſpard not him when you did ſcore ſo much:

ſtuk. There maiſter Sparing, would I were your ſcoller That I might learne to ſpare as well as you, Exit ſpa.

Cur.

Cur. That will nére be vntill it be to late.

ſtuk. Now Sir to you.

sharp. Your ſeruant Sir: william Sharp for Bilboes, Fores and Toledo blades.

ſtuk. What.

sharp. Forty markes:

ſtuk. you cut ſomewhat déepe maiſter Sharp, but thers a preſeruitiue for a gréen wound.

Cur. Beſhrow me but ti wounds me: what preſeruitiue haue I for that.

ſtuk. Of whence are you,

Thu. Tho Thumpe Sir, the Buckler maker of S. Giles

ſtuk. The ſum thereunto belonging.

Thu. Fiftéene pound Sir for broade lind Bucklers beſide ſtéele piks.

Cur. Body of me, halfe the monie would arme fiue tall fellows for the wars.

ſtuk. Thumpe I will not anſwere you with the like violence for if I ſhould, the broadeſt buckler that ere you made would not defend you from being bankerout.

Thu. I thanke your worſhip. Exit Thumpe.

ſtuk. Are you ſick of the yellows too?

Haz. Not ſo ſick Sir but I hope to haue a childs part by your laſt will & teſtament

Cur. Thers a knaue, he thinks after they are paid: he meanes to go and hang himſelfe: whats his legacie

ſtuk. For tennis Balles when the Frenchimbaſſito was here thirtéene pound: is it ſo much.

Haz. Juſt ſo much with the fowling of fair Linnen when you were hot.

Cur. Faire Linnen: hoy daie: your fair Linnen wipes him of a good deale of monie.

ſtuk. Georg Hazzard I take it thats your name.

Haz. my name is ſo Sir.

ſtuk. George: you haue hit the hazzard, giues him mony

Cur. It was a hazzard whether he would haue hit or no,
But for my money.

Stuk. What elſe.

Crack. I hope Sir: your worſhip hath not forgot Harry Crack the Fencer, for fortes, and bennyes giuen vpon a wager at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty Crowns.

Cur. Cracke his crowne and that makes one and thirtye.

Stuk. Well Crack I haue now to defend your thruſt, but by this downe right blow. (Giues him mony.

Crack. I take it double Sir, and pleaſe you.

Stuk. Let it ſuffice your valliant and my choller paſt. Your dients yet? your name?

Blu. Geffery Blurt Sir. Baliſe of Finsburie
For fraies and bloudſhed in the theater fields, Fiue marks.

Cur. Body of me here a Surgeian in this town would haue aſkt more.

Stuk. Blurt I haue no reaſon to pay thée whole.

Blu. Why ſo and pleaſe you.

Stuk. Jack Dudley and I were haues in that action take part of him.

Blur. Alaſſe Sir, hes in Finsbury Jaile for hurting a man behind the windmilles laſt Satterday.

Stuk. Why then belike you haue good pawn for your mony

Blu. I would we had Sir.

Stuk. Well I ſée your Dogged natures: a good ſword and buckler man is of no reckoning amongſt ye: but let the Sheriffe thinke, when he hath loſt Jack Dudly, he loſeth twenty marke a yéere as good freeman as ere a barron in England holds. There your amerciaments. And giue Jack Dudley this from me to pay his Fées. Exit Blurt.

Blu. I thank ye Sir.

Cur. I would he had broke his pate ere he went in earneſt, of a new reckoning: ah ſon, ſon, thou haſt deceiued my opinion, my daughter caſt away, and I haue bequeathd my mony to a prodigall.

Stuk. Father why ſo, ſhall I not pay my debts?
Stuk. Not with my mony ſon, not with my mony.
Stuk. It is mine owne, and Stuklie of his owne,
will be as Franke as ſhall the Emperor.
I ſcorne this traſh, betrayer of mens ſouls:
Ile ſpurne it with my foot: and with my hand,
Raine ſhewers of plenty one this Barren land,
were it my fortune could exceed the clouds,
yet would I beare a mind ſurmounting that.
father you haue enough for your, and for your ſore
When mine is gone you muſt prouide me more. Exit.
Cur. Is it euen ſo. The captaines words are true:
he is a ſpend thrift but ile keepe him ſhort
he gets not a dennier more then he hath.
Enter Lady Curteis and Old Stuklie.
Lady. Huſband you are ſent for in all the haſt
to the yeld hall, about the Souldiers
that are to be diſpatcht for Ireland.
Cur. I may be ſent for wife whether I will,
and tis no matter greatly where I goe,
Lady. Why ſo I pray.
Cur. Would you ere haue thoght
that tauerns, Fencers, Baliffes, and ſuch like,
ſhould by the fruites of my late ſitting vp,
and early riſing, haue maintained their ſtate,
Old Stuk. What meane ye brother Curteis.
Cur. Ah brother Stuklie,
My meaning had you beene but here euen now,
you might haue ſcand without my vtterance,
here was Item, vpon Item, ſuch a crue
as I nere ſaw one man indebted to.
Enter Stukely, Lieft, Enſ, Drum, and ſoldiors.
Lief. Here ſtay we ſoldiors till the houre be come
our captaine did appoint to meet with vs:
The valiant Stukly: we ſhal haue a guide,
Theres not a better in the Regiment.

Ye

It is not one will ſay vnto his men
Giue you aſſault vpon, the enimie
follow me: and ſo himſelfe will be
The formoſt man that ſhall begin the fight.
Nor will he nicelie creepe into the the towne,
when we are lodgd with in the dampiſh field,
but voluntarilie partake your toyle,
and of his priuate purſe releeue your wants,

Enſ. Leeuetenant hees a galant Gentleman.
We know it well, and he that is not willing
to venture life with him, I would for my part
he might end his daies worſer then the peſtilence.

Lieſ. May if you loke but on his mind,
much more occaſion ſhall ye find to loue him
Hees liberall, and goes not to the wars
to make a gaine of his poore Souldiors ſpoile,
but ſpoile the foe to make his Souldiers gaine,
and here he comes ſtand all in good array.

Enter ſtukly and his Wife.

ſtuk. I prethee wife Importune me no more,
might teares perſwade or words preuaile with me,
thy teares and words ere this had won mee ſtate:
but tis not thou nor anie power but his
that has that power to take awaie my life,
that can abridge my purpoſe I will goe.

Wife. ſhall then my loues haue an end ere they begin
and ſhall the terme of thees daies being Wife,
for euer after cauſe a widdowhood,
We ſcarſe are ioynd together and muſt part,
we ſcarſe are warme with in our nuptiall bed,
and you forſake me there to freeze alone:
Oh doe not ſo and if you euer loued,
or if you neuer loued, yet in regard
of my affection, leaue me not ſo ſoone

Stuk. God Lord that thou wilt ſtill importune me,
Haue I not ſaid I vndertake this taſke,
Only to make thee great.
Wife. But I deſire to be no more then what I am already
So by your abſence I be made no leſſe.
Stuk. But that contents not me, it is not chambering
Now I haue beauty to be dallying with,
Nor pampering of my ſelfe with belly-cheare,
Now I haue got a little worldly pelfe,
that is the end or levels of my thought:
I muſt haue honour, honour is the thing
Stukly doth thirſt for, and to clime the Mount
Where ſhe is ſeated gold ſhall be my footſtoole,
Wife. But there are many dangers by the way,
and haſtie climers quickly catch a fall.
Stuk. he ſoneſt loſeth that deſpaires to winn,
but I haue no ſuch preiudiciall feare,
If there be any ſhall outliue the brunt
of raging war, or purchaſe dignitie,
I am perſwaded to be one of thoſe.
If all miſcarrie: yet it will not grieue,
or grieue the leſſe to die with company.
Wife. That name of death alreadie martirs me,
Stuk. Tut never feare: and if I chaunce to die
Thou being a luſtie widdow: thers enrie
will gladlie ſue to be receiued of thee,
the worſt is I confeſs, I leaue thee poore,
as taking with me all the Jewels thou haſt,
And all the coine was giuen me for thy dower:
But I do leaue thee with a wealthy father,
And one that will not ſee thee want I know,
Beſide thou haſt a ioyntore of ſuch Lands,
as I am born vnto: and therefore ſeaſe,
And let me ſeale thy lips vp with this kiſſe.
Wife. Stay but a day or two and then depart.

Stuk. are not my ſouldiers ready: what a ſhame
were it to ſend them forward and my ſelfe
come lagging after like one that feares,
or went vnwillingly vnto wars,
as thou reſpects me talk no more to me.
Wife. Am I ſo odious that I may not ſpeak,
Well I haue liſtned when you talkt ere now,
My words had borne the harueſt of your hope,
But ſince to ſilence I am ſo iniopned,
I would my life might likewiſe haue an end
Stuk. March hence away, or ſtill there will be caſt,
Some let or other to detract our haſt.

As they are Marching, Enter curteis and Old Stukly.

cur. Bones a Dod man, laie downe thy tabor ſticks,
And heare me ſpeake, or with my Dudgen dagger
Ile plaie a fit of mirth vpon thy pate.
Why here me Tom, here me ſon Stukly, ha:
What here to dale, and gone to morrow. See
Thy wife laments, canſt thou behold her weepe,
Stuk. Sound drums I ſay: I will not heare a word.
Old Stuk. Wilt thou not hear thy father Graceleſs Voice.
Stuk. Father, vnleſſe you meane I ſhall be thought
a traitor to her Maieſty: a coward,
a ſleepy dormouſe, and a carpet ſquire
Our army forward ſummer with ſharpe breath,
Nor intercept my purpoſe being good.
Old Stuk. I come not wilfull Boy as a reproouer
Of any vertuous action thou intends,
But to reproue thy lacke of huſbandry,
And the vnthrifty courſes thou haſt vſde,
Learne to be ſober, and not raſhly thus,
To ruſh into affaires of ſuch great moment.
Stuk. Father, I know not what you tearme raſhnes,

But

But any time ſince I was of the ſkill
Or ſtrenth to weild a ſword, I vowd in hart
To be a ſouldior, and the time now ſerues,
And now my vow ſhall be accompliſhed,
For any thing betwixt my wife and me:
we are agreed: how euer ſower cheere
Doe at our parting ſhow the contrary:
If you as well as ſhe can be perſwaded,
Why ſo, if not ſound drums I will not heare no more.

cur. Nay Tom, ſon Tom, thou art deceiud in me
I am not griued that thou ſhouldſt ſerue thy prince,
Nor doe I take exceptions at thy mind,
So long as honor is thy obiect Tom,
But that without our knowledge thou departs,
And one the ſudden: body of me, tis that
That ſtrikes a diſcontentment in vs all.

Stuk. I cannot helpe it Sir, with all my hart,
And in all reuerend duty of a Son,
I take my farwell: Fathers of you both
Thus much intreating if I nere returne,
Yet would haue both a care vnto my wife. Exit

Old ſtuk. Well Brother Curtiſe hope the beſt of him
He may returne a comfort to vs all,
And were a not my ſon I would commend
His reſolution, tis heroycall.

Cur. Thers no remedy now but patience,
But were the Bargaine to be begin againe,
I would be twiſe aduiſed ere Ide beſtow
My daughter ſo: pwis, ſo large a ſum,
Is more then I had thought ſhould fly with wings,
Of daine crpences into Ireland.
But all is one, come daughter neuer mourne,
I will not ſee thee want whilſt I do liue.

Old ſtuk. I hope ſhe hath the like conceit of me,
Then comfort girle feare no extremity. Exeunt.

Enter Oneale O Hamlon and Neale Makener.

Oneale, O Hamlon.

Hamlon. Dw.

One. Treade ſoftlie on the ſtones,
The water tells vs we are nere the towne,
Neale Mackener come on, fixe all our eies
vpon the walles of this bewitched towne,
that harbours ſuth a ſort of Engliſh churles,
to ſee if any ſignall be ſet out
Where we ſhall enter to ſurpriſe Dundalke.

Mackener. Oneale ſpeake ſoftly we are nere the walles,
the Engliſh Sentinells do keepe good watch,
if they deſcry vs all our labours loſt.

Ham. Our labour loſt, for we can ſee no ſigne
of any white that hangeth ouer the wall,
Where we ſhall enter by our ſpies within.

Oneale. A plague vpon the drowſie drunken ſlaues,
Bryan Mac Phelim, and that Neale O Quyme,
Who being Drunke or ſleeping with his Drabs,
Forget the buſines that they haue in hand.

Mack. O Neale be patient & ſuſpect the worſt,
they maye vnto the Engliſh be betraid,
or elſe perceiuing ſtrong watch euery where,
Dare not approach the walles or gates for feare.

Ham. Oneale, thy ſecretary ſaies very true,
the Engliſh knowing all the power ſo nere,
will be more watchfull then their cuſtome is,
So both our ſpies and frends dare not aſſay,
To hang out ſignall nor come nere the Port.

Neale. Why ſo it is, I know within Dundalke.
I haue ten frends to one the Engliſh haue,
I meane of townes men: but ſure pollicie
Cannot by might attaine our entrance in.
that we might cut of all the Engliſh heads,
Of thers that watch and thers that ſleepe in beds

let

let vs withdraw vnto our troupes againe,
to morrow comes O Kane with Gallinglaſſe,
and teage magennies, with his light foot kerne,
then will we not come miching thus by night,
But charge the towne and winne it by day light,
O Hanlon, captaine Harbart ſhall be thine,
and Gainsfords ranſome ſhall be Maekeners.

Han. Thanks great Oneale.

Mack. Be whiſt I heare one ſtir On Coughs within.

Oneale. Some Engliſh Soldior that hath got the cough,
Ile eaſe that griefe by cutting off his head.

Mack. Theſe Engliſh churles die if they lacke there bed,
and bread and beere porrage and powdred beefe.

Han. O Macakaſtot ſhamrocks, are no meat,
Nor Bonny clabbo, nor greene Water-treſſes,
Nor our ſtrong butter, nor our ſweild otmeale,
and drinking water brings them to the Flixe.

Oneale. It is there nicenes ſilly puling foles,

Mack. There be of them can fare as hard as we,
and harder too, but drunkerds and ſuch like.
as ſpend there time in ale houſe ſurfetting,
And brothell houſes quickly catch their Bane,

Oneale. One coughes againe, lets ſlip aſide vnſéne,
to morrow we will eaſe them of their ſpléen.

Enter Shane Oneale O Hanlon, Neale Mackener ſoftly as
by night.

Onele. O Hanlon.

Humlon. Owe.

Oneale. Fate is the token ſate ſiegne that Brian Mack
Phelem ſaid he would hang ot?

Han. I feate I kno not aſk the Secretary.

On. Neale Mackener.

Mack. Heſt, Oneale heſt, peaſe to art at the bater ſéed.

On. Fate is the token bodeaugh bréene? That I ſall ſée

Obare the balles off this Towne of Dundalke.

Mack. I feat Oneale thou art Saint Patrick his cuſhin and a greeat Lord, but thou art not weeze. The ſiegne is a paire Of feete trouzes, or a feete ſhurt, or ſome feete blankead, To be hang ete ober the balles, ſan we ſall be let in At the lettle Boygh doze by the abbay.

Oneale. Elka clamper, thou talkeſt to much the Engliſh Upon the ball will heare the, lake, feagh bodeaugh Doſt thou ſee any thing feete.

Mack. No by this hand, ſhan Oneal, we ſee no feat thing

One coughs within.

Han. Treſh bleſh vs, ſo iſh tat iſhe coughes.

Mack. Saint Patrick bleſh vs we be not betraid.

Oneale. Mackener, Mack Deawle, marafaſtot art thou a feete liuerd kana: Tiſh ſome Engliſh churle in the towne That coughes, that is dree, ſome proud Engliſh ſouldior hees a dree cough, can drinke ns bater. The Engliſh churle dees Ifhe get not bread and porrage and a hoſe to lee in: but looke is the ſiegne, ete, zeele cut his troate and Help him of his cough fan I get into Dundalk.

Mack. Bee this hand Oneale der is no ſiegne, zee am afaid Brian Mack Phelemy is wyd his creepo, and forgeats To hang a ſiegne or let vs in.

Oneale. No matter come, no noyſe tis almoſt day, ſoftly let vs creepe abote by the balles ſeed ane awan ſone at night Euen at ſhuttene of the gates fan Ocane and Magennis Come from Carlingford, we will Enter luſtily the town Mackener O Hanlon, zee will giue you tree captaines to ranſome. (de turd my ſelf

Han. Zee wil take tree priſhoners and giue thee ſo and take

One. Speake ſoftly O Hanlon and gow make, ready ore kerne and Gallinglaſſe againſt night, and bid my bagpiper be ready to peep Ballotherie ſon, for I will ſleepe in Dundalke at night. come go back into the Fewes again.

Han. Slaue haggat Bryan Mac Phelemy.

Mac.

Mack. Slaue lets Rorie beg. Exit.

Enter Herbart at one dore with ſoldiors, and Vernon at another.

Harb. God morrow mayſter Vernon.

Ver. God morrow Captaine Harbart.

Harb. Is it your vſe to be ſo earlie vp
ſuch vigilance doth fit vs ſoldiers beſt,
and ſearch our garriſons for feare of ſpies,

Ver. And trauellers that vſe to walke the rounde.
of euerie Countrey to ſurveye the world,
muſt not be frend with ſleepe and idleneſſe.
But in plaine termes I do preuent mine houre,
by reaſon of a gentle mans report
that is a ſoldier and did walke the round,
Who comming in this morning to his reſt,
ſaide the enimie was about the towne to night.

Lieu. So ſaide this ſoldier that ſtode Sentynell,
now this laſt watch at Dawning of the day,
that he did heare hard by the water ſide,
nere the North gate that opens toward the Fewes,
ſome trampling on the grauell vp and downe:
he did but Cough and thought to call to them,
And they were gon: ſoldier was it ſo.

Soul. Yes gouernor I know twas Shane Oneale,
they were ſo whiſt whilſt they were nere the walls,
pray god the haue no ſpies within the towne.

Harb. Thou pray I to late, the townſmen are ſpies,
and help and ſtore them with prouiſion,
and loue them better then vs Engliſhmen.

Ver. It behoues you therefore to be circumſpect

Lieu. Feare not you that, Ile ſerch the towne my ſelfe,
and place a double gard at euery gate.
How ſtands the wind?

Ver. From England very fayre.

Harb.

Harb. Wée looke for freſh ſupplies to come from thence
to ſtrength our garryſon for yt is but weake,
and we muſt beare the brunt of all the North.
Ver. your men are healthfull.
Harb. theres no ſoldier ſik,
But he that drinkes or ſpende his thrift at dice
Sound a Drume a fare of,
what drume is this?
Ver. A drume without the towne.
Harb. Some band of men from England new arryu'd,
or els ſome Company of the Engliſh Pale,
bid Captaine Gainsford gard the Southern Port:
Toward Tredaghe, and take that Companie in,
Ile ſée our troups in redines this day,
for I expect the Iriſh ſoune at night,
Ver. What will you do.
Ile to the ſoutherne Port,
to ſée what Captaine leads this band of men Exiunt
Harb. I make ye liuetenant Gouernor for the time.

Enter Stukely, his Lifetenant Auntient Drume
Souldiers and Company.
Stuk. I muſe what Lord is gouernor of this towne,
That comes not forth to welcome Stukely in.
Lieu. The townes ſo long he cannot here our Drume,
And if he did he knowes not whoſe it is:
Stuk. Drum, thumpe thy taphinnes hard about the pate
Drumme ſounds Enter Vernon Gainsford and Soldiers.
and make the Ram-heads héere that are within:
Zounds who is that Vernon with a partyſane,
Is he a Souldior? then the Enimies dead.
Ver. Is Stukly come? Whom I deſire to ſhun?
and muſt he nœds to Ireland follow me?
I will not draw that ayre wherin he breaths,
one kingdom ſhall not hold vs if I can.

Gains.

Gains. Is not this lusty Stukly with his men?
Ver. Yes captaine Gainsford this is lusty Tom.
Stuk. These gallants are growne ceremonies,
They stand at gaze as if they knew me not,
Or else they straine a further compliment,
to see if I will baile my bonnet first,
Ile eat my feather ere I moue my hat,
Before I see their crownes vncouered.
Lief. Cherish that humor it becomes your post.
Ver. He doth expect we should salute him first:
Gains. 'Tis fit we should for hees but new arriu'd,
Ver. Your welcome into Ireland captaine Stukly.
Stuk. Gramercies maister Vernon, and well met,
I did not dreame that you professed armes,
Ver. It is not my profession but my pleasure
The Gouernour being busie in the towne,
Makes me Lieutenant Gouernor for the time.
Gains. Braue captaine Stukley welcom to Dundalk.
Stuk. Thanks captaine Gainsford euen withall my hart.

Stuklies Lieft. deliuers a Letter to vernon.

Ver. To me Lieftenant? from whom I pray ye.
Lief. From an old friend.
Ver. Ile see what frend it is.
Stuk. What Enemie lies there nere about this towne?
Gains. The Rebell Shane Oneale and all his power.
Stuk. Why doe ye not beat them home into their dens?
Gains. We haue enough a do to keepe the Towne.
Stuk. To keepe the towne? dare they beleager it?
Gains. I and assaulte it.
Stuk. Hang them sauage slaues,
Belike they know you dare not sallie out,
Who is Gouernor here?
Gains. That's Captaine Yarbart Sir.
Stuk. Sdeath I am be-witcht, mine enemie Gouernor,
well tis no matter, ile about without him, aside alone.

So ſone as ere I ſée him by this light
Tis maruell he le indure their prowde approach,
Barbert is valliant: but the ſlaues are proud,
And haue no boote to fetch worth following them.
Gains. Yes captaine Stukly they haue gallant horſe,
The beſt in Ireland are of Ulſters breed,
They haue a pray of Barrans cowes and ſheepe,
Well worth a brace of thouſand pounds at leaſt,
Stuk. Hang cowes and ſheep, but haue among theyr horſe,
Ile loſe this head but ſle haue hobbies from them.
What newes from England that ye read ſo long To Vernon.
Ver. The largeſt newes concernes your ſelfe.
Stuk. Wherein.
Ver. Will Mallerye writs, ye do not loue your wife,
You are vnkind, you make not much of her.
Stuk. Writs he I haue not made much of my wife,
Ile tell ye captaine how much I haue made, (To Gainsford.
I haue made away her poſition and her plate,
Her borders, bracelets, chaines and all her Rings,
And all the clothes belonging to her back,
Saue one poore gowne, and he that can make more,
Of one poore wife let him take her for me,
Ver. Well had I known you would haue made ſo much,
you ſhould not haue béene troubled with my loue.
Stuk. come, ſtrike vp drum, lets march into the towne,
Ver. Well go thy wales a kingdom is to ſmal, (Exeunt
For his expence that hath ny meane at all, all but Vernon
Doubtles if euer man was miſbegot,
It is this Stukly of a boundles mind,
Vndaunted ſpirit, and vncontrouled ſpléne,
Lauiſh as is the liquide Oceane,
That drops his crownes coen as the clouds drop Raine,
Yet once I loud him better then my ſelfe,
when like my ſelfe to prodigall in loue,
I gaue my loue to ſuch a Prodigall,

for

For which I hate the clymate where he liues,
as if his breath infected all the aire,
And therefore Ireland now farwell to thée,
For though thy soile no venime will sustaine,
There treads a monster on thy fruitfull brest,
If any shipping bée for Spaine or Fraunce,
Aboord will I and seeke some further chaunce.

Enter Herbert in a shirt of male and Booted. and his Page with him.

Herb. Boy, bid the Seriant Maior shut the gates,
And see them guarded with a double ward,
That done, bid him commaund the companies,
To man the walles: then bid the messenger
Hast with these letters te ihe Deputy, Exit Page

Enter Srukly.

Come captaine Stukly whers your campany,
Draw then with spéede vnto the water Port.

Stuk. Is there for euery one a Tankerd there?

Herb. How do you meane a Tankerd?

Stuk. Sir in briefe,
I made a vow you know it well inough,
For your kindspeeches to my wiues old Dad,
Sir Thomes Curteis: that whereseuer we met
I would fight with you, therefore your toles, (He Drawes.

Her. What were my spéeches?

Stuk. That the old knight had cast awaie his Daughter when ye perceiued she was bestowed on me.

Har. I spake those words, and thou hast proud them true

Stuk. and for those words Harbert ile fight with you

Har. Rash haze braind Stukle, knost thou what thou dost to quarrell in a towne of Garrison,
and Draw thy wepon on the Gouernor?

Stuk. Zounds haue ye logick to defend your skin,
Lay by your tricks and take you to your toles,
think ye your Gouernors tittle 's rapier proue,

Harb. Come, come, vntruſſe put off thoſe coward thiſts
Stukley thou knowſt I am a ſoldior,
And hate the name of carpet coward to death,
I tell thée but the diſcipline of war.
Stuk. Gods, you may hang vs then by the law,
By law of manhood here I challeng thée,
Lay by thy terms and anſwere like a man.
Harb. Thou ſeeſt the publique enemie is at hand,
And we ſhall fight about a priuate brall.
Stuk. Nor ſhall that ſhift Tom Harbart ſerue thy turne.
Harb. Then giue me leaue but to diſarme my ſelfe,
Thou knowſt I ſeruet haue ods of ante man.
Stuk. Diſarme of what? of ſchole boies haberdines
Soch as they caſt at points in euer ſtréte?
No arme thy legs, put ſplinters in thy hootes,
caſk on thy head, and gantlets on thy hands,
Would thou wert armd in piſtoll proofe compleat,
And nothing bare but euen thy berie lips,
I hold my head ile hurt thée in thy mouth,
Laie by thy ſcar-crow name of Gouernor,
And arme thée els vnto a fingers breadth.
Harb. Brauing braggart ſince thou doſt ſéeke thy death
Looke to thy ſelfe ile ſpéed thée if I can. They fight.
Stuk. Sir pour téeth blæds this pickt-oth is to hæne,
Drum ſoundeth and a Bagpipe.
Har. Harke the enemies charges we muſt to the walles,
another time ile pick your téeth as well
Stuk. Euen when ye can, I ſaid I would bit your mouth.
Exeunt Ambo: Alarum is ſounded, diuers excurſions,
Stukly perſues, ſhane Oneale, and Neale Mackener,
And after a good pretty fight his Lieftenannt and
Auntient reſcue Stuklie, and chace the Ireſhe out.
Then an excurſion berwixt Herbert and O Hanlon, and
ſo a retreat ſounded. Enter Harbart, Gainsford, and
ſome ſouldiors on the walles.

her.

har. Are all the gates and Poſternes cloſd againe.
Gai. I every one, and ſtrong gards at them all.
har. Who would haue thought theſe naked ſauages,
Theſe Northerne Iriſh durſt haue bene ſo bold,
T' haue giuen aſſault vnto a warlike towne?
Gains. Our ſuffrance and remiſſenes giues them hart,
we make them proud by mewing vp our ſelues,
In walled towns, whilſt they triumph abroad
and Rebell in the countrey as they pleaſe.
harb. Well Seriant Maior we will ſtur abroad,
This ſoddaine ſally was perform'd as men,
It cut three hundred rebells throats at leaſt,
And did diſcomfite and diſperſe them all.
Gains. Had we perſude we had tane a lucky pray.
harb. Yes tis night, and time we ſhould retire,
To guard the town, but hark what drum is this:
Are any of our company without?
Gains. Tis luſtie Stukley if any be abroad,
He is ſo eager to perſue the foe,
And fleſh his ſouldiers that are new arriude,
that he forgot or heard not the retreat,
At which gate ſhall he enter Gouernor?
harb. He ſhall not enter, giue me all the keyes,
Ile teach him dutie and true diſcipline
Enter Stukly Lieftenant: Auncient Drum and ſoldiers, a noies within of driuing beaſts.
ſtuk. Are the gates ſhut already? open how.
herb. Who knocks ſo boldly?
ſtuk. Ha? who's that aboue?
her, Herbart the Gouernor, who is that below?
Stuk. Stukley the captaine, knocks to be let in.
herb. Stukley the captaine comes not in to night.
Stuk. How? not to night? I am ſure ye do but ieſt.
herb. I do not vſe to ieſt in theſe affaires.
ſtuk. Ye do not ieſt and I muſt ſtay without.

I truſt youll let my companie come in in.
Nor company, nor Captaine comes in heere,
vntill the morning that the gates be ope.
Stuk. We humble thank ye honorable Sir:
what if the Iriſh ſhould make head, againe,
and ſet vpon vs wouldſt ye reſcue vs,
Harb. No why retire ye not at the retreat,
As did my ſelfe and all the other troupes,
Stuk. Becauſe I ment not to come empty home,
But bring ſome booty to enrich my men,
Beſides in proſecution we haue ſlaine
Two hundreth Iriſh ſince yo left the chace,
And brought a prey ſix hundreth cowes at leaſt
Forty chiefe horſe, a hundred hatkneys Jades
and yet the Gouernor will not let vs in.
Harb. No ſir I will not and will aunſwer it.
If all your throats be cut you are well ſerud,
To teach ye know the diſcipline of warre.
There is a time to fight a time to ceaſe,
a time to watch, a time to take your reſt,
a time to open and to ſhut the Ports,
and at this time Stukley the gates are ſhut,
and till a full time ſhall not be opte.
Stuk. Solomon ſaies with words mild.
Spare the rod and ſpill the child,
Wholſome inſtruction, goodly diſcipline:
This is a ſimple piece of ſmall revenge.
But this I vow who ſhut me out of by night,
ſhall neuer ſee me enter heere by daie.
will ye ſir let the pray taken in,
For feare the Iriſhe reſcue yt againe.
Gains. twer pitty Sir to loſe ſo good a pray,
And greater pitty but to loſe one man.
Harb. You may let in the pray. But kepe them out,
Stuk. ſtay Seriant Mayor: O white liuerd lout,

doſt

Doſt thou reſpect a bullock or a Jade,
More than a man to Gods owne likenes made?
Harbart. Thou getſt not one cow to thy ſhare,
For a owes taile, vnles as Cacus, did,
I by the taile could draw one from the heard,
And caſt her at thy head the hornes and all.
Herb. Go make your Cabane vnderneath the wall,
And ſo god night.
Stuk. Farwell go pick your teeth, Exeunt Harb and Gains
How glad am I my trunkes are yet aboard,
Liſtenant, Antient, Fellow ſoldiers all,
I would we might not part but needes we muſt,
Tom Stukely Can not breake the leaſt diſgrace.
To night Ile byde ſuch venture as you ſhall.
Lets man the bridge, the water flowes apace,
If the enimie come he dare not paſſe the flood
So on this ſide we with our praye are ſafe.
How many Cowes ſhall fall vnto my ſhare.
Lief. all if ye pleaſe, your valor compaſſed all.
Stuk. ſhall all the cowes be mine, Ile not haue one.
Thirtie chiefe horſe if you will let me haue,
two ſhippe from hence to ſeke a better coaſt. His Purſe.
ſhare that amongſt ye, theres a hundred pound,
and two moneths pay thats due vnto my ſelfe.
I giue you franklie, drink it for my ſake.
Lief. But Captaine will you leaue this land indeed
Stuk. Before the ſon the morning doth ſalute
Ile ſee my hobbies ſafely ſent aboard,
Then follow I that ſcorne to be contrould,
Of any man thats meaner then a king,
farewell Oneale, if Stukly here had ſtaid,
thy head for treaſon, ſoone thou ſhouldſt haue paied.
Enter Oneale with a halter Exeunt.
about his neck, and Neale Mackener after him.
Mack. Oh what intends the great Oneale by this?

Neale

Oneale. Neale Mackener, I do not weare this cord,
as doubting or foredeeming ſuch a death,
but thou who art my Secretarye, knowſt
that my vnkind Rebellions merite more:
Therefore I beare this hatefull cord in ſigne
of true Repentance, of my treaſons paſt,
and at the Deputies feete on humble knées
will ſue for pardon from her mateſties:
Whoſe Clemencie I grieue to haue abuſ,
what ſayeſt thou: is it not my ſafeſt courſe,
Mack. Can I beliue that mighty ſhane Oneale
Is ſo deiect in corage as he ſéemes
or that his dauntles dragon winged thoght,
can humble them at any Princes feet.
Oneale What can I do my forces are diſperſd,
my kinred ſlayne, my horſes made a praye,
Ocane, O hanlon, and Magennis kild,
If the Quéenes power purſue I am but dead,
If I ſubmit ſhe is mercifull
Her Deputy will graunt me life in her behalfe.
Mack. Thou canſt not tell the ſtate offended ſtands
And thou condemnd in euery ſubiects eie,
And I am cenſord for my practiſes,
Rather retire thee into Clangeboy.
Where Alexander and Mack Gilliam Buske,
May ioyne their Scots vnto thy ſcattred troups,
And réenforce the Engliſh with freſh power,
If not at leaſt thy life is ſafe with them:
Vntill thy friends may reunite themſelues.
Oneale. I would imbrace thy counſell but I feare
The wrongs that I haue done vnto the Scots,
Sticks in the breſt of Alexander Oge,
And he will take occaſion of Reuenge.
Enter Alexander ſlge and maiſter Gillian Buske two Scots
put it in proofe for here comes he and Buſk.
Caſt off thy cord let not them ſee thy ſhame,

Alex, Gillam the newes are true of great Oneale.
Dundalke hath dasht his pride and quelld his power.
Busk. Occasion offers vs a faire Reuenge,
For our dére reuzen yong Mack Agnus death.
Alex. Who'le take reueng on weknes thats deprest?
Busk. Whole let his kinsmans blood vnreaked rest.
One. Do they not sée vs? or disdaine to sée vs?
Mack. Salute them kindly.
One. Gentlemen good day
Alexander Mack Sürlo and maister gillam Buske,
Fortune hath frouned vpon your frend Oneale,
My troups are beaten, by the English power,
If therefore you will ioyne your Scottishe aide,
With the remainder of my followers,
Your means may make recouery of my losse,
And you shall bind Oneale to quit your loue.
Alex. how can a Rebell or a traitor hope
Of good successe against his soueraigne:
Awhile perhaps he may disturbe the state,
And dam himselfe but at the last he falls.
Mack. I thought thou hadst despisd the English churles.
Busk. Admit he did, how can he loue Oneale,
But chiefly thé that was the counsellor,
To cut of yong Mack Agnus our dére couzen.
Mack. Not my advise but his to salwy braues,
To great Oneale, did cause his cutting off.
Busk. Speake such another word Ile cut thy throat,
Thou traterous Rebell Mackener.
One. Mack gilliam Buske vpbraide not Neale Mackener,
I did the déed and hold it was well done,
Because he braud me in my owne commaund,
Alex. as thou dost bs now in our owne commaund,
For instefying of so foule a fact,
here is reuenge traitors haue at you both.
They Draw and fight, Oneale Flies, Alexander pursues

him out: Buſk and Mackener fight and Mack. is ſlaine.
Flieſt thou thou traitorous coward Shane Oneale,
I am too light a foote to let thée ſcape. (Exit after Oneale.
Buſk. Ile ſtop your flight, you ſhall not follow him,
Mack. I meant it not proud ouerweaning Scot.
Buſk. haue at thée then Rebellious Iriſhman,
They fight Mack. is ſlaine. Enter Alex. with Oneales head.
Alex. I ſée we are victors both, Mack Gilliam Buſk.
Here is the head of traitorous ſhane Oneale.
Buſk. And heres his bloudie Secretarie dead.
Alex. No force; this head for preſent will I ſend,
To that moſt noble Engliſh deputie,
that miniſters Iuſtice as he were a God,
and guerdons bertoe like a liberall king,
This gratefull preſent may procure our peace,
And ſo the Engliſh fight and our feare may ceaſe
Buſk. And may all Iriſh that with treaſon deale,
Come to like end or worſe then ſhane Oneale. Exeunt.

Enter Hernand with ſtuklie brought in with Bils.
and halberds to them the Gouernors wife.

ſtuk. Had I known thus much Gouernor I would haue burnt my ſhips in the hauen before thy face and haue fed Haddocks with my horſes.

Gou. Is thou and al thou haſt at my diſpoſe and doſt deny me vpon curteſie: what I may take whether thou wilt or no. Stukly if thou be cold ſo Ile make thee know a Gouernor of Cales.

ſtuk. Gouernor, will nothing but fiue of my horſes ſerue Your turne, Sirra thou gets not one of them, and a haires would ſaue thy life: if I had as many horſes as their be ſtones in the Iland Thou ſhouldſt not haue one of them.

Gou know Stukly to
It had béene thy duty to haue offerd them
and glad that I would grace thée to accept them,

what

What is he that dares thruſt into this harbor,
And not make tender of his goods to me.
Stuk. Why then know Gouernor, here is once one that
dares thruſt into this harbor:
That will not make thée tender of a mite,
Nor cares not of a haire how thou doſt take it,
I will not giue one of my hobbies for thy gouernment.
Gou. I will be anſwerable to thée for thy horſes,
Stuk. Doeſt thou keepe a tole-Booth: ſounds doeſt thou
take a horſe coorſer of me.
Gou. Nay Sirra then ile lay you by the héeles,
And I will haue them euery horſe of them:
Stuk. Thou getſt no ſo much as a naile of one of them
No, if thou wouldſt draw it with thy téeth,
If you doe, ile clench it with your ſcalp,

Enter the Gouernors wife.

Gou. Call me the Prouoſt hether preſently one goes:
Lady to one. Sirra is this the Engliſh gentleman
Of the attendants. Which brought the horſes.
Ser. Madam it is he: this is the man:
Lady. How do they call him:
Ser. His Seruants ſay, his name is Signeor Stukly.
Lady. Now by my troth and as I am a Lady Aſide
I neuer ſaw a fairer Gentleman
I would it lay in my power to do him good.

Enter the Prouoſt.

Gou. Sirra as I haue ſeizd your ſhips and horſes,
ſo I commit your Body vnto priſon,
Vntill his highnes pleaſure ſhall be knowne,
Prouoſt lay Irons vpon him and take him to
your charge.
Lady. Well well, for all this, might I haue my will,
Aſide. In faith his entertainment ſhould be better.
Stuk. You muddy ſlaue, you may by your power do a

Little but ile call you to a reckoning for
This Geere, and Sirra ſee a horſe be not
Lacking if he be : ile make thee on thy bare
Feete, lead him in a halter after me to
The furtheſt pare of ſpaine.
Gouer. Go to, thou art a baſe pirat.
Stuk. Sirra muchacho : you that haue eaten a horſe
And his taile hangs out of your mouth, you lie.
All that thou canſt do, ſhall not get a horſe,
If ſaint Iaques your ſaint want a horſe,
he ſhould not get one of them : he ſhould go
A foote elſe all the daies of his life.
By this fleſh and blood, Ile make thee repent it.
Gou. Away with him. Exit Stukley.
Lady. Yet good my Lord conſider what you do
Surely the confidence of this mans ſpirit,
Showes that his blood is either great or noble,
Or that is fortunes at his owne commaund.
Gou. I hold him rather to be ſome deſprat pirat,
That thinks to domanyer vpon the Land
As he is bide amongſt his mates at Sea.
Beſides, its leſſe diſgrace to bear his braues,
here where your power is abſolute and free,
And where he wholy ſtands at your diſpoſe,
Then in a place indifferent to either,
And where you both ſhould ſtand in equall termes.
Gou. If I did prize his honor with mine owne,
Then wife perhaps I might allow your reaſon,
Lady. Beſids perhaps they may be for a preſent,
Which now in his heate, reſtraines him to diſcloſe,
Which ſhould they be to any prince of Spaine,
how ill it may be taken at your hands.
gou. This his committing giues ſome cauſe to doubt,
I care not, were they ſent vnto the Deuill,
Where the commiſſion of my Gouerment,

giues

giues me as much as I demand of him,
To morrow Ile vnto the courte my ſelfe:
to day I haue ſome buſines in the Ille.
and t'will be euening ere I do returne, Exit gouernor,
Enter Proueſt.

Lady. Prouoſt,
Pro. madame.
Lady. where haue you yet beſtowd this gentleman
Pro. madam hées here within the pallace yet,
Ready to goe vnto the marſhalſey,
Ye had béene gone but that vpon ſome buſines,
I come to know his honors pleſure in:
And he is gone: but Proueſt ſince your priſoner,
Is not departed I pray thée bring him hether,
Ile ſée if by perſwaſion I can win him,
To yéld and to ſubmit vnto my Lord.
Pro. Madam I will, He fetcheth him in.
lady. I thanke you: giue vs leaue a little.
Faire gentleman: but that it is too late
To call back yeſterdaie I would haue wiſht:
That you had dealt more kindly with my Lord,
Sir it ſhould ſéeme you haue béene vnaquainted,
With the hot bloods and Temper of our Clime,
Or with a Spaniards noble diſpoſition,
Whereas your kind ſubmiſſion might haue wrought
What your high ſpléene and courage cannot doe.
Stuk. Faire courteous Lady, had your beatious ſelfe
Aſkt any thing: a noble Engliſh hart,
had made you miſtres of your owne deſiers,
But to be threatned and ſubiected by him
Zounds firſt ile fray him out on's gouerment,
And ſuck his very marrow in his Bones.
Thinks he becauſe I am fallen into his hands,
I feare his power, ſbloud ile ſtare his eies out firſt,
he lookes not one the Sun I dare not braue.

I am Stukly let him know my name,
Lady. Braue gentleman: yet I could haue wiſht
I had but beene of counſell with your thoughts,
But without breach or touch of modeſty
Euen for the loue I beare vnto your country,
Mine honor kept vnſtaind which I proteſt,
I prize beyond the thing I hold th deareſt,
Commaund what euer lieth in my power,
To comfort you in this extreamity.
Stuk. Madam; how much your noble Spaniſh curtiſie
hath power in me,
A faithfull Engliſh hart ſhall manifeſt,
And I will be the champion of your honor,
Where euer I become in chriſtendome.
Lady. Yes know a Lady of ſpaine can be as kind,
as any Engliſh woman of them all,
What is it Signor I can helpe you with
Stuk. my liberties the thing I moſt deſire.
Lady. That preſently I cannot warrant you,
But I will labor for it to my Lord,
With all the means my wits can all deuiſe,
Stuk. Then this Madam, might I poſſibly obtaine, but
To worke ſome meanes for me, by your beſt endeuers
That I may haue but one of my horſes that I
Will chuſe, and but reſpit for one day to
Ride a little way, vpon ſome earneſt buſines,
Now in the abſence of your huſband, and as I
am a ſouldior and a gentleman, and by the honors
Of my Nation: I will come back by the prefixed houre.
lady. Sir ſhould I deuiſe ſome means for the accompliſh
ment of your deſire, and that it ſhould come to my huſbands
Eare before your returne: I ſhould harken
for your comming back, beſides if by this meanes,
you ſhould ſeeke to eſcape greater treaſons
Might be obiected, then I hope your are guiltie of,

and

and what Danger both my life, and honor might incur
I Imnagin you are not Ignorant.
Stuk. Madam, if all your wits can but hide
It but from your husband, if he should come before
I returne, for the other I dare paune my
Soule to you, that I will hold my word.
Lady. Goe to, mine honor and life is your stake let your
Returne be five a clock in the evening, I
Will once truste an Englishman on his word. (Exeunt.

Enter King Phillip with him Alua and Sancto
Dauila, with them the Portingall embassador.

Phil. Speake reuerend intercessor for the state
Of young Sebastian king of Portingall,
What craues our deare intire beloued cunsin,
Wherein we may befriend his Maiestie?
Bor. First sacred king the Soueraigne of my faith,
And Portugals vndoubted supreame head,
Doeth kindly greet your highnes in all loue,
Next on behalfe of your respective care,
And the league-bound of naturall amitie,
Which he mistrusts not: but combines ye both
as being kinsmen he intrets this bone:
That whereas lately from the king of Fez,
Muly Mahamet, to my royall maister,
Hath honorable ambassage beene sent
And great intreaty made to craue his aide,
against Mallucco brother to that king,
Who now intruds vpon Mahamets bounds,
and building on his priuiledge of age,
and inequallity of matchles strength,
striues to depriue him of his diadem,
It would seeme good vnto your princely selfe,
as in the like we shall be readie still,
at spaines intreatie to assist my lorde,
With some such necessarie strength of war,

as

As in this action may conclude a peace,
to Portingalls great profit and renowne.
Phil. are then Molucco and his brother king,
at ciuill mutinie among themſelues:
Bot. They are my Lord, and many wofull dales
th'afflicted Barbary hath ſuffred ſpoile,
and bin a prey vnto her naturall Subiects.
Phil. The right is in Molucco: wherefore then
Would Prince Sebaſtian ayde the other part?
Beſide, Mahamet is an Infidell,
From whoſe aſſociate fellowſhip in this
and all things elſe we Chriſtians muſt refraine.
Bot. Grace but his reaſons with your milde conceit,
Whereon he grounds his lawfull reſolution,
and mighty Philip you ſhall quickly find
this his intent to be moſt honourable:
Not for reguard of any ſupreame claime
the ſterne Mahamet layes vnto the Crowne,
Nor any Iuſtice that in his behalfe
May be preſumde vpon, doth ſtout Sebaſtian
Lyſt to this motion, but for honours ſake,
For Portugals chiefe good, and to aduance
the chriſtian true Religion through thoſe parts,
Is he inclinde to vndertake this war.
Phil. How can that be: acquaint vs with your meaning.
Bot. This worthy king: tis not vnknowne to you,
that diuers townes and citties ſituate
Within the borders of rich Barbary,
Which king Emanuell conquered by his ſword
and left appropriate ſtill to be enioyde,
of ſuch as ſhould be kings in Portugall.
Or, but by this preuention like to fall,
and be confiſcate to the Moore againe,
but by an army thither brought in time,
not only theſe great citties ſhall be kept,

but

But raiſing this Mahamet to the crowne,
And quite diſtinguiſhing his brothers claime
When we haue planted him: and that by vs,
The cuntrey is ſubdued and kept in awe,
We ſhall not only ſtill retaine our own
But for Mahamet to ſubſcribe to vs,
And either he and his change their faith,
and worſhip that eternall god we doe,
and diſſanulling be diſpriued of life,
And ſo aſſume the Gouernment our ſelues.

Phill. This takes of honor and of pollicie
Might yt with like ſucceſſe bee brought to paſſe.

Bot. With your aſſiſtance: thers no doubt my lord
But what we haue imagind ſhall ere long,
be truely and effectually performd.

Phill. I, But Mulluccos Army doth conſiſt
Of Dreadles Turkes and Warlike Sarazens,
Is much to be ſuſpected in this caſe.

Bot. What can they do though great their number be
When for their ſingle force we come in ſtrength,
Of Spaine, of Portingall and Barbarye.

Phill. Your reaſons haue prenaild, what power is it
Our louing coſin doeth requeſt of vs.

Bot. Of horſe and foote indifferently commixte,
Only ten thouſand will ſupply his want.

Phill. (Botellio, ſo I take it you are cald)
Giue place a while till with our faithfull lord.
We haue aduiſde vs better on the cauſe,
and then you ſhall haue anſwer preſently.
Now you ſupporters of our royall ſtate, Exit Bot.
Alua: and Sanct Danulo, breifely ſhewe,
What your oppinion is touching the ſute
Of neighboring Portingals fame-thirſtie king.

Alua. That he attemptes an enterprize my leige,
Will ſooner breake his necke then make him great,

Da. That hereby if occaſion be laid hold on,
That Spaine and Portingall ſhalbe vnite,
And you the Soueraigne ruler of them both
Phil. Expreſſe thy meaning Danulo in that point,
Da. It ſhall not néed I ſtand on circumſtance,
Your highnes knowes Sebaſtian once remoude,
The way is open ſolie for your ſelfe,
Either by force or by corrupting gold,
To ſtep into the throan, now for a meane
To rid him off: what better way than this,
To ſooth his purpoſe and to draw him on
With expectation of a ſtrong ſupply,
But when he is ſet forth vpon his way,
And left his countrey that without reproach,
And ſcandall to his name, he cannot retire,
Then to proclaim on paine of ſpéedy death,
that not a Spaniard ſéeme to ioyne with him,
So landed once in deſart Baberie,
His weakned ſouldiors and himſelfe at once,
ſhall fall before Mulluccos conquering ſword.
Alua. Meane ſpace to colour your intent the better,
Muſter your men as if you meant to aide him,
But with theſe men allone as he is gone,
approach the borders of faire Portingall,
That if it chaunce Sebaſtian doe ſeruiue,
the pagans ſword: yet in his abſence we
may enter his dominions ſack his townes.
and take poſſeſſion of the realme by force.
Da. Withall diſpatch, embaſſadors to Rome,
and forthwith to intreat the Popes aduice,
Who in no wiſe before hand we are ſure,
Will licence any chriſtian potentate,
to traffick or conuerſe with heathen kings,
and ſo his prohebition may excuſe,
and ſerue to cloake your breach of promiſe with.

When

When tis perceiued you doe do not aide Sebaſtian
Phil. You counſell well and fitting our deſire,
That many yeares haue wiſht that portingall,
And fruitfull Caſtile being one continent,
Had likewiſe bin the ſubiect of one Scepter,
Call forth th'ambaſſider as you haue ſaid.
Enter Bottella.
So will we daily with our cousines ſuite,
My Lord Botellio we haue waighd th effect
Of your imbaſſage and in nature bound,
Beſide the affection of nére neighbourhood,
To do our kinſman and your noble king,
All offices of kindnes that we can,
Tel him from vs we onely not commend,
His hauty mind in this attempt of his,
But his diſcréet and politike proceéding,
And will therein to forther his intent,
Ayde him with twice fiue thouſand armed ſouldiors,
And fiftie gallies all well furniſhed,
Which on the fourth of June neere to the ſtraights,
Of Giberalter in a hauen there,
Called Ell Porto de Sancto Maria,
ſhall waite his comming on toward Apheryca.
So wiſhing him a happy proſperous brother,
In all we may, we liue to do him good.
Bot. Thanks to the high and mighty king of Spaine,
Stuk. Lord Sancto Danulo, bring him on his way. (Exit
and Alua now what thinke ye of this plot. Botel. Danulo.
Is it not to ſeuere, ambitious
and more deceitfull than becomes a King.
Alua. a kingdomes thurſt hath to deſpence my Lord,
With any rigor or extremity.
and that which in meane men would ſéeme a fault,
as leaning to ambition or ſuch like,
Is in a king but well beſéeming him.

Upon my life your grace hath well reſolud
And howſoeuer bulger wits repine.
yet regall maieſty muſte haue his courſe.

Enter Danulo.

Phil. Danulo: what newes you are ſo ſone returnd?

Da. A gallant Engliſhman my gracious Lord,
Vaughty in looke and haſtie in his buſines
But now ariu'd at the court gate,
Earneſtly craues admittance to your preſence.

Phil. An Engliſh Gentleman let him draw néere.

Enter Stukly.

Stuk. Right high and mighty: if to kings in field,
And ſacredly annointed it belong
To mineſter true iuſtice and relæue
the poore oppreſſed ſtranger, then from thée
Renowned Phillip, that by birth of place,
Vpholds the Scepter of a Royall king,
Stukley a ſouldior and a Gentleman,
But neither like a ſouldior nor a man,
Of ſome of thy vnworthy ſubiects handled:
Doeth challenge Iuſtice at thy ſacred hands,
And ſucour gainſt oppreſſion offered him.

Phil. Oppreſſion offerd and by ſome of ours.

Stuk Yes royall Phillip and in ſome reſpect
The vile abuſe doth tuch your maieſty.

Phil. Stand vp and tell the manner of thy griefe
And on our royall name we promiſe thée,
Thoffender ſhalbe ſharply puniſhed.

Alua. A luſtie man belæue me of his limes.

Da. I and as knightly in his talke beſide,

Stuk. Thus kingly Phillip hauing ſerud of late,
Vnder my princes army in the field,
againſt the rude rebellious Iriſh: where
Vpon deſire to trauell and eſpecially,
Vpon affection that I had to ſée

your

your princely court ſo honorably famed:
As alſo to make tender of my loue,
and deutyous ſeruice to your maieſty,
Shipping my ſelfe with other priuate goods
Which I had purchaſt by my dinte of ſword,
I came to Cales: where landed with my pray,
In number thirtie hobbies for the ſhore,
One Don Herando there your gouerenor,
attacheth both my ſhip and all therein,
and though I tell them that the hobbies were,
a preſent for your grace and for that cauſe,
I thither brought them, yet the deuiuill Lord,
Becauſe he might not haue one horſe of them,
To his owne vſe, clapt irons one my heeles,
and in a dungeon like a gripple churle,
I think his purpoſe was to Famiſh me,
But that by ſtraung aduenture and good hap,
I ſcapt his tirant fingers: hoping here,
If I might once get opertunitie,
To let your highnes vnderſtand thereof,
I ſhould find remedy againſt his wrong.
Phil. Haue we ſuch baſe ignoble ſubſtitutes,
That dare ſo hanouſly oppreſſe a ſtranger,
and ſuch a one as came to offer vs,
The bounty of his hart in friendly guifts?
Let there be ſent a meſſenger forthwith
To bring the wretch to anſwere his abuſe,
and Stukley welcome to king Phillips court,
Repoſe thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt haue right with me,
and fauor to againe thine enemie.
Stuk. I thanke your Maieſty: but muſt intreat.
You would vouchſafe to pardon me in this
I needs muſt back againe to cales my Lord.
Phil. Be not afraid, thy goods ſhalbe purloyned,
Theres not a mite but he ſhall bring it forth.

Or of his owne purſe make it good to thée,
Stuk. It is not that and pleaſe your Maieſty,
But I haue paſt my word I will returne,
And Stukley holds his promiſe as religion,
Phil. Well then my Lord of Alua giue in charge,
Some of our pentioners attend on him,
To bring Herando hether ſafely guarded,
Alua. It ſhall be done my Lord. (Exe
Enter Prouoſt and Gouernors wife.
Pro. What ſhall we doo, the time drawes on,
The Engliſh captaine promiſt to returne,
But yet he comes not: if my Lord ſhould miſſe him
My life were loſt, your credit thereby crakt,
Lady. Content thée Prouoſt: ſuch apparant ſigns
Of manly diſpoſition, ſhine in him,
Of valor, gentry, and what not beſide,
As I preſume if he remaine aliue,
He wil returne at his prefixed houre:
As yet the reſpite that was graunted him,
Is not expirde I doe not doubt ere then,
But he will rid vs of the feare we are in.
Pro. Had we but Madam, known which way he went,
Or had himſelfe tolde vs of the place,
To which he purpoſed to make his Journey,
There had béene yet ſome comfort and ſome hope,
But ignorant of both how can we chooſe,
But be ſuſpitious and almoſt deſpaire.
Lady. Thou talkeſt abſurdly: had we knowne the place
The cauſe which made him and which way he went,
What thanke were that to vs to let him goe,
Where we were ſure to find him out againe,
Or how ſhould tryall of his faith appeare,
In matters of no waght or geopardy:
Now being ſo that of our frée accord,
Without the leaſt reſpect but to his promiſe,

he

He was diſmiſt and that he clérely ſées,
Tis at his charg to ſtay on his returne,
And yet will vnconſtrained kéepe his vow,
approues him truly loyall, vs truely louing.
Pro. If I be cald in queſtion for his abſence,
Maddam I muſt relie vpon your wit,
Enter Herando.
Lady. Be that thy refuge here Herando comes.
Her. Prouoſt I haue bethought me at the laſt,
How to diſpoſe of Stukley and his goods,
part of his horſes I will giue the king,
and part I will beſtow vpon my frends,
To theſe conditions if he condiſcend,
I am content he ſhall haue liberty,
and he, his ſhip, and men be ſo diſcharg'd.
But otherwiſe ile cauſe his ſhip be ſunke,
and he and his as pyrates ſuffer death.
Therefore go fetch him to me preſently,
I may be certaine if hée yéld or no.
Pro. Ah Maddam I am ſtruken dum and dead:
What ſhall I anſwere to my Lords demaund.
Lady. Be not ſo fearfull leaſt thy guylty lokes,
argue ſuſpition of ſome treachery,
Her. Doeſt heare me Prouoſt fetch me Stukley forth,
Lad. Make it as though thou vnderſtands him not.
Her. Maddam what whiſpers he into your eare,
that he neglects to do as I commaund.
Lady. He telles me my Lord: the Engliſh captaine,
Is growne ſubmiſſe and very tractable,
and of himſelfe is ready to reſigne,
as much as you require to haue of him,
and that euen now after his counſell heard,
How beſt he might craue pardon for his pride,
His ſtife reſiſtance, and abaſtious words,
Whereto he anſwerd that his readieſt way,

was

Was by petition to Sollicite you,
and ſo he tels me, that he left him ſtudying,
How to intend ſome quaint conceited method,
Might draw Remorſe from your diſpleaſed mind.
Her. Is he Prouoſt, become ſterable?
Pro. Exceeding mild and penitent my Lord,
Her. I thought his ſtomack would come down at laſt,
Go bid him ſaue a labor with his pen,
and tell him we are heere, let it ſuffice
If with his tongue he do recant his fault.
Lady. May let him write for writting will remaine
When words but ſpoken may be ſone forgot,
It makes the better on your ſide my Lord,
That vnder-neath his hand it ſhall appeare,
By his conſent and not by your conſtraint,
he made ſurrender of his prize to you,
So ſhall the world what after chaunce to fall,
Cleere your extortion and abuſe.
Her. It cannot be but he hath done ere this,
I prethee ſee: much matter in few lines,
Is quickly cought by one of meaner wit,
Lady. It were not good to trouble him ſo ſone.
Her. I will not ſubiect my deſire herein,
and wait vpon his leiſure lok I ſay.
lady. Without ſome cunning ſhift we are vndone. Aſide.
Her. Why ſtaiſt thou Prouoſt when I bid thee go.
lady. With draw thy ſelfe to ſatiſfie his mind,
Pro. Helpe my excuſe, ſweet Maddam, if I faile.
lady. Let me alone: my lord, how glad am I,
There ſhalbe now attonement of this ſtrife,
and that this Engliſh gentleman is pleaſde.
To yeld obedience and your ſelfe as willing
To be appeaſd at his humility.
Her. I tell thee wife he ſtoupt in happy time,
Or all ſubmiſſion elſe had come to late,

Enter

Enter Prouoſt.

Where is he Prouoſt? will he come to vs?

lady. Is he not yet returnd.

Pro. Maddam not yet. (Aſide.

lady. Then doe I feare our plot will be diſcouered.

Her. Why ſpeak'ſt not man? where is thy priſoner?

Pro. He hath not yet my Lord ſet downe his mind,
he doeth intreat your honor ſtaye awhile,
and he will then haue made an end of all.

Her. Ile waite no longer one his maiſterſhip,
Giue me the key Ile fetch him forth my ſelfe,

lady. What will you do, you fetch him forth your ſelfe,
I would not that for all the wealth in ſpaine,
will you ſo much annoie your vitall powers,
as to oppreſſe them with the priſon ſtinke,
You ſhall not: if you loue me come ſo nere:
The place is mortall and infected latelie,
and as the Prouoſt telles me diuers die,
Of ſtraung deſeſes, and no longer ſince
than the laſt morning, two were buried thence:
aſke him me Lord if this be true or no.

Pro. It is moſt certaine there are many ſicke,
and therefore good my Lord refraine the place.

Her. Vnleſſe thou bring him ſtraight way to my ſight,
Nor daunger nor intreatie ſhall prenaile,
But I will enter at the doore my ſelfe.

lady. See once againe it may be his come,
Meane ſpace Ile hold him with ſome other talke. (Aſide

Pro. Do gentle Maddam.

lady. If he be not come,
protract the time as much as in thee lies.

Pro. Ile tarrie long inough: nere doubt of that.

Her. Sirra before thou go: bring him forth,
Or I ſhall ſee to lie in irons as he doth.

lady. I haue not ſeene you often times my Lord,

So out of patience and ſo far from quiet,
You were not wont in things as great as this,
But that you would be perſwaded by my words.
Her. I cannot tell how I may thinke of you,
Your buſying of your ſelfe ſo much herein,
and ſpeaking for this Engliſhman ſo oft,
Makes me ſuſpect more then I thought to do.
lady. ſuſpect as how, that I doe favor him,
Or ill your meaning that I go about.
To ſet him free, your beſt accuſe me flately,
That I haue taught him here to breake the priſon,
Is this the recompence for my good will,
Haue I this thanke for being Prouedent,
and carefull for your health: go where you will,
ſuſpect thy ſelfe and me, cut ſhort thy daies
Do any thing that may diſparage you,
hereafter I will learne to hold my tongue.
Her. how now my loue, what angry for a word?
lady. haue I not reaſon when you grow ſuſpitious,
Of me that am your ſelfe your boſome frend.
Her. I prethee be content I meant no harme,
I know thou wouldſt not preiudice my ſtate,
to be the empreſſe of all aſia here (Now he comes.

Enter Stukly in Gyues.

lady. then do I call of feare,
and whilſt I liue hereafter will I truſt,
an Engliſhman the better for his ſake.
Her. Wheres the ſubmiſſion that ye told me of,
call ye this repentance for his pride.
Stuk. Why a t craues the braue gouernor of calles.
Her. Obſtinate captaine that thou lend thy knee,
and make ſurrender of what I require,
Or thou and thine like pyrates all ſhall die.
Stuk. I cannot heare, I would you would ſpeak louder.
Her. Doeſt thou deride me.

Stuk

Stuk. Not deride you Sir.
But for my hobbies Ile not ſpare a haire,
So much of their tales, to pick your téeth,
lady. Sweet captaine ſpeake him faire at my intreaty.
Stuk. Maddam I owe my life to do you ſeruice
But for his threats I do not care a ruſh.
Har. How haue I bin deluded by your words,
he ſcornes me ſtill, knock off his yron gyues,
and let an Executioner be ſent for
I will not ſtir vntill I ſée him dead.
Stuk. Herando, I do dare the worſt thou canſt.
lady. Oh do not prouoke him ſo.
Stuk. content you Maddam, Stukley beares a mind,
that will not melt at any tirants words.
Her. calſt thou me tirant too, it is enough,

Enter Marſhall.

In ſoth ile try your patience for that word.
Mar. Herando, In his maieſties high name,
I charg you preſently prepare your ſelfe,
to make appearance at the court this night,
and bring this gentleman your priſoner heere,
together with ſuch horſes as you haue.
Of his in your poſſeſſion : faile you not
As you will anſwer it vnto your perill.
Her. how knowes the king he was my priſoner,
Mes. What anſwer make ye will you goe with me.
Her. With all my hart : this Stukely is ſome diuel
And with his ſorſery hath incenſt the king,
ſtuk. Hernando, if your Lordſhip want a horſe,
One of my Hobbies is at your command.
Her. he flaters me : But I muſt diſſemble with him
braue Signior ſtukly what ſo ere hath paſt,
Betwixt your ſelfe and me conceiue the beſt
It was but triall of your fortitude,

and now I ſée you are no leſſe indéed
Than what you ſéeme a valiant gentleman,
I do imbrace you with a brothers loue,
Come let vs goe ile do you any grace,
Unto the King my honor extends vnto,
Stuk. when I do néed it, I will thanke ye Sir.
But Madam wherein may I quittence you,
whoſe kindnes is the cauſe of all my good.
lady. I craue not more for any thing I doe,
But that you vertuouſly report of me,
and in remembrance of me weare this ſcarfe.
Stuk. This on mine arme, your ſelfe within my hart,
Doeth Stukly vow perpetually to beare. Exeunt.

Enter Vernon and a Maiſter of a ſhip with the
Iantado and two or three officers.

Ver. Signor Iantado by your patience,
It is no wrack: nor you by law can ceaze,
vpon the ſhip or goods here caſt away.
Iant. Sir, Sir, your negatiue is of no force
you are part-owner haplie of the ſhip,
Or elſe capemarchaut ventred in the fraght,
Your ſpeach is partiall to ſaue ſhip and goodes.
Ver. Examine then the maiſter of his oath?
Iant. So we intend.
Ship. M. Sir you haue knowne me long,
and neuer knew me falſefie my word,
Much leſſe mine oath, which I will frælie paſſe,
My life and all to teſtifie the truth
Iant. Whence was the ſhip.
Ship. Ma. Of London:
Iant. What her name.
ſhip. M. The Pelicane:
Iant. What burden was ſhe of.
Ship M. Two hundred tonne.
Iant. And what her Lading?

Ship. M.

# of Tho. Stukely.

M Ship. Packs of Engliſh cloth,
This gentleman ought neither ſhippe nor goods
But came from Britaine as a paſſenger,
For at Saint mallowes we had cauſe to touch
To take a bord a marchants Factor there,
and there we found this honeſt gentleman.
very deſirous to be ſhipt for Spain.
In luckles hour he brought his trunks aboard,
and in more halpes time the ſame are loſt,
Ver. ſmall loſſe were that if all the reſt were ſafe,
Tis men are loſt onely we two ſurviue.
Whom you by ſhowes of pittie, haue enforct,
to come aſhore and leaue the crazed ſhippe,
And will ye now forget what you haue ſworne:
and ſeeke to make a wrack of that is none.
ſet vs abroad againe and let vs bide,
The hazzard of the tempeſt and the tide.
Lant. Ye are aſhore, and thanke mee for your liues,
Which ſaid, why ſhould you value ſhippe or goods:
You ſweare you are but paſſenger, let paſſe
let the owners and the marchant beare the loſſe
Ship. What if hée ſhould: The maſter there am I,
and were I dead, if any did ſurviue
and liue aboard, you can not make a wrack,
Ver. No I will kneele before the king of Spaine.
Before my Countrey men ſuch loſſe ſuſtaine
Lant. proud Engliſh man ſince thou art peremptorie.
Thou ſhalt not kneele nor ſée his maieſtie, Away with them
Trumpets ſound. Enter king Phillip: leaning on Stuklees.
Shoulder, Alua, Davita, Valdes that was the meſſenger,
Hernando before bare, and the Gouernor. Hernando after
(with other.
K. Phil. Vertoych Stukly, on our royal word
We neuer did eſteeme a preſent more,
Than thoſe faire Iriſh horſe of your frank guift.

Stuk.

Stuk. Redoubted Phillip Royall Catholique king,
It pleaſeth ſo the Bounty of your ſpirit,
To recken them that that are of little worth,
But if your highnes know my inward zeale,
To do you ſervice paſt the worlds compare,
You would eſtéeme thoſe thirty Irish Jades,
As thirty mites to all the Indian mines.

K. Phil. Now we eſtéeme your preſent and your ſelfe,
Our inſtant fauors ſhall aduertiſe you.
Alua and Sancto Danula ſhall declare,
To gallant Stukley what regard we beare,

Ver. Croſſe of all Croſſes why ſhould ſea and wind,
Spare me to liue where double death 's aſſignd,
Is poſſible that Stukley ſo deiect,
In England liues in Spaine in ſuch reſpect.

K. Phil. Stay what are theſe.

Ver. Poore ſuters to your grace,
An Engliſh ſhip is ſplit here in the Race,
And this Lantado the Mizadimyrall,
Comming aboord and ſéeing vs aliue,
The ſole remainder of a hundred Soules,
Entiſed vs by chriſtian promiſes,
to come a ſhore as pitying our caſe,
Our fæte no ſoner toucht this Spaniſh earth,
Than he would make a wrack of ſhip and goods.

Lant. Dread Soueragne true, the ſhip is ſplit and ſunke
and euery billow ouer-rakes the hull,
this lyuing couple crept vp to the poope,
In dread of daunger and of preſent death,
In charity I tooke to ſaue their liues.

Ship. M. With promiſe and prouiſo gracious king,
that no aduantage ſhould be tane thereof,
Elſe had I ſtaid though he had gone a ſhore,

K. Phil. Why, what are you.

Ship. M. The Maiſter of the ſhip.

K. Phil.

K. Phil. And he the owner or the venturerer,
and would detriue vs of our royalty.
Ver. Vpon my life great King I meant it not,
I am no Owner nor yet venturer,
I came but in her as a passenger,
But afore I saw the tide was at the highest,
and ebbing water would haue laid vs dry,
The ship belonging to my place of birth,
I was resolud to bide the vtmost brunt,
and saue the ship and goods for th'english owners.
K. Phil. Whereof you may be one.
Stuk. Heare me great king,
If you beléeue this breft haue any spark,
Of honor or of Vulger honestie,
Then credite me this gentleman that speaks,
Was neuer owner of a ship in's life.
Nor Marchant venturer though both trades be good,
But well deri'ud of rich and gentle birth,
Holds it his blisse to be a traueller,
K. Phil Your Protestations haue perswaded vs
Landado leaue them and discharg the ship,
and gentleman, and shipper stay without,
This honorable countreyman of yours,
shall bring our further pleasure for your good.
Ver. If in the Basilisks fore-prizzing eie,
Be safety for the obiect it beholds,
Then Stukley may to Vernon comfort bring,
Els men are safe at Sea when Syrens sing.
Exit Vernon Ship Maister and Landado.
K. Phil. Now gallant Stukley, boast of Phillips grace,
By such imployments as we haue assignd,
The king our cousene Don Sebastian,
Solicites vs for aide to Africa,
In hope to conquer the Barbarians.
The farther Princes of that parched soile,

are

Are at contention Who ſhall weare the crowne,
And the young king of Portingall beleeues,
And ſo do we, their ſtrife ſhall breed him peace,
And for he ſtands ingagd by Royall oath,
To helpe the king Fez againſt his ſe.
And craues aſſiſtance from vs of his blod
We haue conſented with condition,
to giue it him if Rome doth hold it fit:
and you braue Stukley are the man ſelect,
to carrie to the Pope our Embaſſie,
and we will furniſh you for theſe affaires,
Do not admire the ſtrangnes of our choice,
In pointing you before our native nobles,
But thinke our loue, our hope, or your deſart,
Or all conioynd aduance you to this place.
Stuk. Moſt ſacred and mightie king of Spaine,
though many reaſons might with ſtand belief
that you would chuſe me your ambaſſador,
Yet ſince your highnes twice hath ſpoke the word,
I humblie credite and accept the charg.
K Phil. and to defraie your charg in our affaires,
Our bountie ſhal exceede her vſuall bounds:
Firſt for it is the time of Gubilie,
Next for you go from Phillip King of Spaine,
and laſt for highregard we hold you in:
Stuk. With fauor I will ſtuddie to deſerue.
K Phil. It is deſerud: Valdes deliuer you,
Fiue thouſand Ducats to Don Stukleyes hands,
Here are our letters and commiſſion,
with ſuch Inſtruction as concerne the cauſe,
So much for that: now for your countreymen,
whoſe ſhip miſcarried here vpon our coaſt
we do allow them all conuenient helpe,
For your ſake to recouer ſhip and goods,
and that their loſſe may ſeeme ſo much the leſſe.

We do aquit them of all cuſtome fées,
So gallant Stukley carry them theſe newes,
and make you ready for theſe great affaires. Exit.
Stuk. Ready to ſerue and follow your command (Stuk.
K Phil. Are not theſe Engliſh like their country fiſh,
Cald gudgeons? that will bite at euery bate?
how eaſily the credulous ſoles beléeue,
The thing they fancy, or would wiſh of chaunce,
Vſing no precepts of art proſpective,
To ſée what end each proiect ſorteth to,
Hernandes tell me what is thy conceit,
Of our election and of Stukleys worth?
Her. Moſt gracious and dread ſoueraigne pardon me,
To ſpeake of Stukly in particuler,
Becauſe your frowne lies heauy one me yet,
For that I did and offred him at Cales,
But generally I cenſure thenglish thus,
hardy, but rash, wittie, but ouerweaning
Els would this Engliſh hot braine weigh thintent
Your highnes hath in thus imploying him
Phil. Thou iudgeſt rightly, it is not for loue,
We beare this nation that we grace him thus,
but vſe him as the agent of our guile,
For if the matter were of great import,
Or that we would kéepe touch with Portingall,
and aide his voyage into Barbarie,
Stukley ſhould haue no hand in theſe affaires,
but now we deale as Lords of Alnegards vſe,
ſtop with one buſh two gappes into their ground,
One muſt we ſend to Rome to Jubile,
and Stukley for his guift muſt haue reward,
One bounty guilded with imployments grace,
Serues both the turnes, and ſends proud Stukley hence,
Valdes, fiue thouſand Ducats pay him that,
So are we rid of a fond Engliſhman. (Exit Omnes.

Enter Stukly, with Vernon and the Ship Maiſtar.
Stuk. But is it certaine that my wife is dead.
Ship. M. Sure as I liue I ſaw her buried,
Firſt dide the mother, then the daughter next
Then old Sir Thomas Curteis liued not long
And dide not rich: but what was left, he gaue
Part to his brother, part to the hoſpitall.
Stuk. Then wheres the part hee left his ſonne in law.
Ship. M. Pardon me ſir he left no part for you.
Ver. Your part and graund part were conſumd to ſome.
To haue a porcyon left you at the laſt,
Stuk. Frend Vernon leaue ſuch diſcontenting ſpeach
your melancholie ouer flowes your ſplæne,
Euen as the billowes ouer racke your ſhippe,
Whoſe loſſe the king for my ſake will reſtore,
Then taxe me not good Vernon with graund parts,
Whats twenty thouſand pound to a fræ hart.
Twenty wækes charges for a gentleman,
A thouſand pound a wæk's but faire expence.
Ver. your wife dide not worth ſuch a wekes expence.
Stuk. What remedy yet Stukly wil not want,
Thæs gone and all her frends their heads are laide
God reſurrection haue they at the laſt,
then ſhall we mæte againe: In the meane ſpace,
Tom Stukly liues, luſtie Tom Stukly,
Graſt by the greateſt king of chriſtendome.
(Enter one of the K. men.
Nuntio. the gouernor of Cales Hernandes ſtaies
to crye you mercy and to take his leaue, (Exit Nuntio,
Stuk. there let him ſtaie I leaue him to himſelfe
I loue him not nor malice one ſo meane.
Enter Valdes, the king don Stukly praies to ſpeake wth you,
But euen a word, he will not ſtaie you long,
Stuk. I ſhall attend his highnes by and by (Exeunt Valdes
For old acquaintance and for Cuntrey ſake,

Vernon

Vernon and maiſter, let me Banqueit you,
It ſhal be no diſgrace to feaſt with me,
Whom the king vieth with ſo great reſpect.
ſhip. M. Pardon ſir, I muſt go ſée my ſhippe,
Whoſe owner ſhal be thankfull for your fauour.
ſtuk. What ſaies maſter Vernon.
Ver. I, ſome other time,
May trouble you although it be not now.
ſtuk. As your occaſions ſhall inuite you ſir (Exit ſtukly
Ver. God maiſter ſée if any thing of mine,
May from the ſhip bee ſafely brought a ſhore,
And I will ſée your paines conſidered
ſhip. M. I do not doubt but all your ſtuffe is ſafe,
The hatches are as cloſe as any cheaſt.
Nothing takes hurt but what is in the hold,
Becauſe the kéle is ſplit vpon the ſands,
Ile ſend your trunks a ſhore and then prouide,
to ſéeke our drowned men and to burie them, (Exit
Ver. Not all the drowned, but thoſe are drowned and dead,
for I am drowned in my conceyt aliue,
Some ſinne of mine hath ſo offended heauen
that heauen ſtill ſends offence vnto mine eye.
What ſhould I think of Stukly or my ſelfe,
either was he created for my ſcourge,
or I was borne the foile to his faire happes:
or in our birth our ſtarres were retrograde.
In Ireland there he braued his Gouernor,
In Spaine he is Companion to the king,
His fortunes mounts and mine ſtoups to the ground,
he as the Mine, I as the Colewort grow,
I liue in euerie ayre but where he breaths,
his eie is as the Gorgons head to me,
and doth transforme my ſenſes into ſtone.
ſome hold Spains climate to be very hot,
I féele my blood congeald to yce in Spaine,

The Leopard liues not nére the Elephant,
Nor I nére Stukley, Spaine farewell to thée,
Either ile raunge this vniuerſe about,
Or I will be where Stukley hath no being. Exit.

Enter Stukley, Valdes, ſtuklys Page,
and one bearing Bags ſealed.

Stuk. How many Duccats did the king aſſigne?
Val. Fiue thouſand.
Stuk. Are they all within theſe Bags?
Val. Well nére.
Stuk. how nére?
Val. Perhaps ſome twenty want.

The Bags are ſet one the Table.

Stuk. Why ſhould there want a Marmady? a mite?
Doth the king know that any Duccats lacks,
Val. he doth and ſaw the bags would hold no more,
and ſeald them with his ſignet as you ſée,
Stuk. Valdes returne them I will haue none of them,
And tell thy maiſter the great king of Spaine,
I honor him but ſcorne his nigardice,

Caſt the Bags to the ground.

And ſpurne abridged bounty with my foote,
a bate baſe twentie from fiue thouſand Duccats,
Ile giue fiue thouſand duccats to my boy,
If I had promiſd Phillip all the world
Or any kindome england ſole except,
I would haue periſht or performd my word,
and not reſerud one cottage to my ſelfe,
Nor ſo much ground as would haue made my graue,
Foter for duccats if he take the tyth,
Tell him ile do his buſines at Rome,
vpon my proper coſt but for his crownes,
Since they come curtaild carry them againe
Come boy to horſe, away, ſpaniard farewell,
Val. Stay Sir I pray ye til I moue the king.

Stuk.

Stuk. Thou mouſt a mountaine ſoner then my mind,
Exit Stukly and his Page.
Val. What a high ſpirit hath this Engliſhman,
He tunes his ſpeaches to a kingly keye,
conquers the world, and caſt it at his heles,
Enter King Philip and his Lords.
Here comes the king.
Phil. How now is Stukley gone.
Val. Gone and will do your buſines at Rome
though he refuſed the Ducats you aſſigned.
Phil. How ſo.
Val. Becauſe that twenty Ducats want.
Phil. Amongſt fiue thouſand may not twenty lack,
val. No no, he ſuppoſeth you repent your gift,
If you abridge your bounty but a mite.
Phil. Not for the world ſhall Stukley go without,
Go add a thouſand Ducats more to theſe,
and poſt and pray him not to be diſpleaſed,
Tell him I did it but to try his minde,
which I commend aboue my treaſury,
If England haue but Fifty thouſand ſuch,
the power of Spaine their coaſt ſhall touch,
come Lords to horſe to Cyuill lies our way,
Vales I charg you to eſchue delay. (Exeunt Omnes.
Enter Sebaſtian, Antonia, Herando, the Cardnall and Botellio.
seba. the great and honored promiſe thou returnſt vs,
From our braue kinſman Philip king of Spaine,
My Deare Botellio ads a ſecond life:
vnto the action that we haue in hand,
the ioyfull breath that iſſues from thy lips,
Comes like a luſty gale to ſtuffe our ſailes,
curling the ſmooth browes of the Affrick deepe,
O let me heare thy tongue ſound once againe,
the chearfull promiſe, of our new ſupplies,

Bot. Why thus emperiall Spaine had me returne,
Vnto the great puiſſant Portingall:
Ten thouſand ſote: of gallant Spaniſh bloud,
Men borne in honor: and exployts in war,
And not on Indian or Baſe baſtard More;
Fifty his gallies, of the proudeſt veſſels,
That to this day yet euer Bare an Ore
To méete you at the Port De ſant Maria,
The fourth of June.

Sebaſt. The fourth of June, at Port De ſant Maria
Ten thouſand ſote, and fiftie of his Gallies,
By land and ſea, and at a certain time,
Oh what a gallant harmony is héere,
Methinks that I could ſtand and ſtill repeat them,
A month togeather, they ſo pleaſe my ſoule,
Ha Antonio: O what an armies héere,
Turning to the king of Portingall,
I tell thée coſen: neuer chriſtian king,
Cam with ſo proud a power to Africa

Anto. And yet the Greatnes of your royall ſpirit,
Makes all this nothing, ſo your glory ſhines,
Aboue the power of ſpaine and Portingall.

Sebaſt. coſen Antonio. to pay Bottello back,
The intereſt of his ſpaniſh embally,
as you haue taken muſter of our powers,
Report the number what our army is.

Anto. Vnto your number of Ten thouſand ſpaniards
In the kings armey: add to this Bottellio:
Thrée thouſand mercinary ſpaniſh More,
Of volontary valiant Portingals,
Thrée thouſand three ſcore ſpeciall men of armes,
The Garriſon of Taieer, and light horſemen,
Fiue thouſand and foure hundred,
Fiue thouſand Germans and Italians,
My power thrée thouſand and the Duke Averos,

Doubt

Doubles my number, if fully more
Beſides the power that we do expect from Rome,
thirty ſeauen thouſand wee are now compleat.
Sebaſt. Our army Joynd with that Mahamet brings,
his Barbarians, and his Mountaine Moores,
Brought from the Deſarts of burnt africa,
His valiant Turks: traind vp in ſpoile of war,
his ſouldiers of Morocco and of ſirus:
To fifty thouſand as his promiſe is.
Ha Braue Antonio there will be a power,
to affright the very walles of Fes,
and make ſtout africk tremble at the ſight,
Where we ſhall braue her on the ſun burnd plains
and with our cannons chruſh her wanton head,
O my Antonio how I long to ſee,
how ſpaniſh blood and turkiſh will agree.
Anto. How ſhall it pleaſe your ſacred Maieſty,
to appoint the ſeurall charges of this war.
sebaſt. Coſen antonio in this heate of war,
for the ſafetie of our royall kingdom,
Let vs yet ſpeake of things concerne our peace,
although but braſe. firſt our deareſt coſen,
for your princely ſelfe,
your right vnto the crown of Portingall,
as firſt and neareſt of our royall blood,
that ſhould we faile: the next in our ſucceſſion,
tis you and yours, to ſit vpon our throne,
Which is our pleaſure to be publiſhed.
anto. Long may my liege & ſoueraign Lord Sebaſtian,
Sit on the royall throne of portingall.
sebaſt. we thank you princelly coſen,
Our deare and reuerent vnckle Cardinall,
vnto our ſelfe commit our wars in africa,
for the great truſt we repoſſe in you
We do bequeath our kingdoms gouerment,

As one whoſe wiſdome and Nobilitie,
Deſerues the great protection of our Realme.
Card. The moſt vnworthy of that royall place,
Whoſe manie yeares and imbecillitie,
are but too weak to vnderprop the burthen
But may the remnant of my age be ſpent,
To Portingals reliefe and your content.
Sebaſt. Now Antonie vnto our ſeuerall charges,
Your ſelfe will ſhare the fortunes in theſe wars,
Ioe do commit a Garriſon of Tanieers,
vnto the leading of Aluares Peres,
our volintary Portingalls to Lodouico Ceaſar,
the mercinary ſpaniards to alonzo,
Mereneces Lieuetenant generall of our forces,
Tanara for the Germain colloneil,
and now ſet forward let our Enſigns fly,
Either victorious, or if conquered die.
Eeter Chorus.
Cho. Thus farre through patience of your gentle eares
hath Stukleys life in Comicke hiſtorie
Bin new reuiude, that long ago late rakte
in duſt of Africke with his bodie there:
Thus farre vpon the ſteps of high promotion
his happie ſtarres aduaunſt him. Now at higheſt
as cleereſt ſummer daies haue darkeſt nights,
and euerie thing muſt finiſh: So in him
his ſtate declining drawes vnto an end,
For by the Pope created as you heard
Marqueſſe of Ireland: with that new honor,
Embarkt and victualed thinke him on the Sea:
and that the time ſebaſtian had ſet downe
to meet with Philips promiſt ayde is paſt:
Toward Afrike he, toward Ireland the other,
are both addreſt vpon the boyſterous waues:
But meeting what ſtrange accident befell,

how

How he was altred from his firſt intent,
And he deluded by the hope he had,
To be aſcribed by the Caſtyle King,
Reguard this ſhew and plainly ſee the thing.

Enter at one doore Phillip King of ſpaine, Alua and ſouldiors they take their ſtand: then Enter another way, ſebaſtian, Don Antonio, Aveto with drumes and enſines they likewiſe take their ſtande. After ſome pawſe Antonio is ſent forth to Phillip, who with obeyſance done approching away againe very diſdainfully: and as the ſpaniſh ſouldiors are about to follow Antonio. Phillip with his drawn ſword ſtops them and ſo departs. Whereat ſebaſtian makes ſhowe of great diſpleaſure, but whiſpering with his lords each incoragingother as they are about to to depart. Enter ſtukly and his Italian band: who keping aloof, ſebaſtian ſends Antonio to him, with whom ſtukley drawes neere towarde the king, and hauing awhile conferd, at laſt retirs to his ſouldiors, to whom he makes ſhow of perſwading them to ioyn with the portugeeſe: at firſt they ſeeme to miſlike but laſt they yeelde and ſo both armie meeting imbrace when with a ſudden Thunder-clap the ſky is one fire and the blazing ſtar appears which they prognoſticating to be fortunat departed very ioyfull.

So far was Phillip as you haue beheld,
from Lending aide vnto the Portgeſe,
Is not content to vndergo the Blot,
Of breach of promiſe but with naked ſword,
Of vnauoided Juſtice threatens ſuch,
As ſhould but offer to depart the Land.
Whereby the prince though very much diſturbd,
Yet not diſmaid ſo haughtly was his mind,
Reſoluth ſtill to proſecute his Journy,
and whilſt they are debating on the cauſe,
ſtukly by wrather is driuen in to them,

Who being knowne what countreyman he was,
What ſhips he had and what Italian bands,
and whereto he was bound: thoffence thereof,
the great diſhonor and Impiety,
Laid open by Sebaſtian, ſtraite recants,
and moues his ſouldiers which with much ado,
at laſt are won to make for Barbary,
No ſooner was this fellowſhip contriude,
and they had ſoind their armies both in one:
But heaueu diſpleaſd with their raſh enterpryze,
Sent ſuch a fatall comet in the aire,
Which they miſconſtring ſhone ſucceſſfully,
doe haſt the ſafter furowing through the deepe,
and now ſuppoſe but wo the wretched houre,
and wo that damd Mahamet whoſe guile,
this tender and vnſkild yet valliant king,
Was thus allurd vnto a timeles death,
that in Tyrill a towne in Barbary,
they all are landed: and not far from thence
Doe meete that ſtragling fugetiue the Moze,
With ſome ſmall forces: what doeth then enſue,
we may diſcourſe but chriſtendome ſhall Rue. (Exit.

Enter muly mahamet with Calipolis drawne in their chariot, with them a meſſenger from ſebeſtian.

ſebaſt. Go let ten thouſand of our guard be ſent,
to entertaine the great Sebaſtian,
and welcome chriſtian to the king of Feſſe,
and tell the portingall thy royall maiſter,
that africk makes obeyſance to his feet,
and ſtoups her proud head lower than his knee,
tell him mine eies are thirſty for his preſence.

meſ. I will returne to tell your highnes pleaſure.

maha. Do ſo begone.
and let our chariot be drawne ſoftly forward,
where I and my Calipolis will ſit,

to

to grace the entrance of gret portingale.
Now faire Calipolis rouze thy proud beauty,
and ſtrike their eies with perfect of thy ſelfe.
He leaps from his Chariot.
Enter sebaſtian at the ſound of Trumpets
Diſmount thée Muly from thy charyot wheels
to entertaine the mighty chriſtian king,
welcome Sebaſtian king of portingale.
sebaſt. thanks to the mighty and emperiall feſſe,
who thus alights the mighty emperour.
muly. that I will do great portingall the grace,
to ſet thée by Calipolis my Queene.
sebaſt. Let mighty Mulis ſelfe ſupply that place,
and giue me leaue to attend vpon your loue.
muly. Mount thée Sebaſtian Muly doth commaund,
It is my pleaſure I will haue it ſo,
Mount thée braue Lord and ſit thée on her ſide,
and ſay Sebaſtian that the ſonne of Phœbus,
vpon his fathers fiery burniſht carr,
Were ſat ſo glorious, as the portingall,
Ioue would exchaung his Scepter for thy ſeat,
and would abandon Iunos goddeſſe bedd,
Might he in on my faire Calipolis,
Welcom Sebaſtian loue to africa.
Calip. All welcom that Calipolis can giue,
To the renowned mighty Portinguyſe,
here ſit ſweet prince and reſt thee after toil,
Ile wipe thy browes with leaues more ſweet and ſoft,
Then is the downe of Cithereas fans,
Ile fan thy face, with the delicious plumes,
Of that ſweet wonder of Arabia,
With precious waters Ile refreſh thy curles,
Whoſe very ſauor ſhall make Panthers wild,
and liuely ſmell of thoſe Dilicious ſweets
and with ſuch glorious liquors pleaſe thy taſt,

As Helens goblet, neuer did containe,
Nor neuer graſt the banquets of the Gods.
Muli. Then ſpeake the comfort of great Mulies life
her teeth more white, than Cancaſe frolly clots,
where ſhe vnlocks the portals of her lips,
Beauty a Phenix burneth in her eie,
Which there ſtill liueth, as it ſtill doth die.
Stuk. Why hers a gallant, hers a king indeed,
He ſpeaks all Mars but let me follow ſuch a
Lad as this: This is pure fire.
Euery looke he caſts flaſheth like lightning,
Theres mettle in this Boy.
He brings a breath that ſets our ſailes on fire,
Why now I ſee we ſhall haue cuffs indeed.
An. Now afore God, he is a gallant Prince,
Muli. What Princes be theſe in your company?
Sebaſt. That is our cousin Prince Antonio,
The other Stukley the braue Irish Marqueſſe.
Muli. Noble Antonio, and renowned Marqueſſe,
ten thouſand welcoms into Affrica.
An. Thanks to great Muly.
Stuk. To your mightineſſe.
Muli. Mort now the neighing of our warlike horſe
Shall ſhake the pallace of commanding Ioue,
Our roaring Canons teare the higheſt clouds,
and fright the ſunne out of his wonted courſe,
Africke Ile die thy Tawny lands in bloud,
and ſet a purple on thy Sonburnt face,
This is the day thy terror firſt began,
Before great Muly and Sebaſtian,
Driue on, and I will lackky by thy ſide,
theſe Chriſtian Lords I truſt will take no ſcorne,
When Muli-hamet beares them company.
Away, Exeunt,

Two Trumpets ſound at either end: Enter Mully hamet and Antonio.

Anto. Second thy ſonne what ere thou beſt that calleſt,
and with thy proud importance greet our eares,
Muly ham. What African or warlick Portingall,
comes forth to anſwer.
Anto. Muly Hamet I.
Muly. Antonio.
Anto. The ſame proud Moore: that proud Portugal.
Muly. Where is ſebaſtian: he comes not forth
Himſelfe to anſwere me.

Enter ſebaſtian: Mahamet and the traine.

ſebaſt. Here Muly hamet, here ſtout African,
What wouldſt thou Hamet with the portugiſe
Wheres abdelmeleck thy proud haughty brother.

Enter Abdelmeleck and his traine.

Abdel. heare braue ſebaſtian king of portingall,
ſebaſt, Art thou there: thy ſelfe in preſence then.
What wouldſt thou beg proud abdelmeleck ſpeake,
abdel. Beg, it is a word I neuer herd before
yet vnderſtand I what thou meanſt therby,
thers not a child of manly Zariks line,
But ſcorns to Beg of Mahomet himſelfe,
We ſhall lead fortune with vs bound about,
and ſell her Bounty as we do our ſlaues,
we mount her back, and manage her for war,
as we do vſe to ſerue Barbarian horſe,
and check her with the ſnaffle and the razins,
We bend her ſwelling creſt, and ſtop and turne,
as it beſt likes vs haury portingalls,
ſebaſt. weelſpur your Jennet luſty african
and with our pitols, weele prick her pampred ſides
vntill with parking ſhe do breake her gerths,
and fling her gallant rider in the field,

and

and ſay proud Moore: that ſo ſaid Portingall.

Abdel. Thy words do ſound of honor chriſtian king,
Which makes me therefore pitty thée the more,
And ſorrow that thy valour ſhould be ſunke,
In ſuch a baſſy vnknowne ſea of Armes.
Where thy bid courage, cannot beare that ſaile,
That thy proud haury ſperit would gladly haue,
Therefore Sebaſtian caſt aſide theſe armes
that thou vnkindly beares againſt thy friend,
and leaue that traitor that but trains thée on,
Into the Jaws of thy diſtruction.

Muly. Braue yong Sebaſtian king of Portingall,
and Don Antonio here me gallant Lords,
Muly Mahamet, but you are in preſence,
Would thinke himſelfe damnd euerlaſtingly,
But to hold wrack with ſo baſe a ſlaue,
Whoſe coward melting ſoule for very feare,
Comes frighted vp and downe within his boſome,
and faine would find a paſſage from his breaſt,
So Daunted with the terror of our armes,
That he is mad his ſouldiers will not flie,
That with ſome colour he might turne his back.
Beſt thou the power, of ſtrikes in my hand
Like furious lightening in the hand of Ioue,
to dash thy pride, and like a raging ſtorme,
to teare thoſe Turkiſh flags that ſpread their ſilks,
vpon the ſtrandes of peaceſull africa,
and quakeſt not ſlaue: with terror of the ſame.

Hamet. Dare but my brothers Baſtard and a ſlaue,
that ſhould haue kneeld at Abdelmelechs feet,
ſend theſe proud threats from hys audacious lips.

Maha. Downe Dog: and crouch before the feet
Of great Morocco: of mighty Feſſe:
But why vouchſafe I language to this Slaue,
Here me Sebaſtian: thou braue Portuguiſe,

I Mulhamet king of mighty Sus,
whoſe Countries bounds and limets do extend
From mighty Atlas: ouer all thoſe Lands,
that ſtretch themſelues to the Atlanticke Sea,
And loke vpon Canaraes wealthy Iles,
And on the weſt to Gibalcaras Straights,
thoſe fruitfull Fore-lands, and the famous townes
Aſſure sebaſtian king of portingall
Moſt glorious and triumphant victorie.

Abdel. Heare me Sebaſtian, heare me youthfull king:
and abdelmeleck will receiue thée yet,
And clip thée in the armes of gentle peare.
forſake this tyrant and ioyne hands with me,
and at thy pleaſure quietly poſſeſſe,
The townes thou holdeſt in africk at this day,
Aginer, Zabanra, Seuta, Penon, Melilla,
Which Muly Mahamet, will diſpoſeſſe thée of,
If by thy means he ſhould obtaine the day.

Sebaſt. Say Abdelmeleck, tell me wilt thou yet
Diſmiſſe thy power, breake theſe rebellious armes,
Which now thou beareſt gainſte the king of Feſſe,
and great Sebaſtian king of Portingall:
Yet of Mahamet, will obtaine thy life.

Hamet. Loke on the power that Abdelmeleck bringes,
Of braue reſolued Turks, and baliant Moores,
Approued Alarkes: puiſant Argolets,
as numberles as be theſe Africke ſands,
and turne thée then and leaue thy petty power,
the ſuccor fayling you expect from ſpaine,
and bow thy knées for mercy Portingall,

anto. Our very ſlaues our Negros, Muleters,
able to giue you Battaile in the field.
Then think of thoſe that you muſt cope withall,
The Portingall and his approued power.

Muly

Muly-Mahamet and his valliant Moors
The Iriſh Marques, Stukley and his troups,
Of warlike Germans and Italians,
Aluares, Ceaſar, Meneſis and avero,
Proud abdelmeleck, kneele and beg for grace,
abbel. Then proud Sebaſtian I deny all meanes.
Maha. Therefore Mahamet and Sebaſtian farewell.

Excurſions.

Enter Sebaſtian, antonio, auaro and Stukly
In counſell together.

Sebaſt. Aduiſe vs Lords if we this preſent night,
ſhall paſſe the riuer of Mezaga here,
Vpon whoſe ſuudry banks our tents are pight,
Or ſtay the morning Freſh approaching ſun.
aue. In my opinion let vs not remoue,
The night is darke the riuer paſſing deepe,
And we our ſelues and all my troops my Lord,
Exceeding weary with the laſt dales martch.
anto. My Lord Auero councels well me thinks.
Sebaſt. Whats your opinion Marques of Ireland?
Stuk. My Lord might I perſwade neither to night,
Nor in the morning ſhould ye croſſe the riuer:
Our men are weake, the enimie is ſtrong,
our men are feeble, they in perfect health,
Beſide tis better diſipline I iudge,
To let them ſeeke vs heere, than we them there,
Conſidering what aduantage may be had,
Gainſt them that firſt attempt to paſſe the riuer,
Againe, on this ſide whatſoeuer fall
We haue Laraſſa and Morrocco both,
Strong townes of ſucco to retire vnto,
Sebaſt. Retire vnto, talkes ſtukely of retreate
are you inueſted with a Marquiſe name,
Grafft with the title of a fierce ſpirit,
Rendmbd, and talkeſt ſo of fortitude?

and

and lurks there in your breſt ſo meane a thought,
Can there iſſue from your lips a tearme,
So baſe and beggerly, as that of flight,
I rather thought that Stukley would haue ſaid,
We baite here and are not ſwift enough,
In ſeeking fit time to begin the fight.

Stuk. Conceit me not Sebaſtian at the worſt,
You craud my counſell and in that reſpect,
I ſpeake my conſcience if you like it not,
Condemne me not therefore of cowardiſe,
For what I ſaid was as a faithfull frend,
Carefull we ſhould imbrace the ſafeſt courſe.
But as I am Tom Stukley, and a captaine,
Neuer knowne yet to ſtand in feare of death,
Riſe when you will his foote that is the formoſt,
His ſword that ſoneſt drawn my foote and ſword,
Shalbe as forward and as quickly drawne:
Nay do but follow and Ile lead the way,
Ile be the firſt ſhall wade vp to the chinne,
Or paſſe Meragas channell, and the firſt
Shall giue aſſault vnto the enemy,
So little do I feare their treamell brunt,
Or hardeſt fortune that attends on war.

Enter Muly.

Muly. To armes braue king, to armes couragous Lords,
Bright creſted victory doeth waſt vs on,
And all aduantage that may be had,
Offer to fill our hands with wiſhed ſpoile,
And chere our hearts with endles happines,
False Abdelmeleck mortally is ſick,
For feare I thinke that we ſhall banquith him,
His ſouldiors mutinie, and his beſt frends,
Begin to wauer and miſtruſt the cauſe,
Of which three thouſand of his ſtout Alarks,
men very expert with the ſhielde and Launce,

This night are fled to vs who likewiſſe tell,
Of many thouſands more that will reuolt,
Were we but ordered once within the field,
I dare aſſure ye had not croſt the riuer,
As now the day breake calles vs to labour,
So that there might be expeditious meanes,
For ſuch as do affect vs to depart,
Falſe abdelmelecks, army would forſake him.

Sebaſt. No longer great Mahamet will we linger,
We gaue direction by our pyoners,
So ſone as any beames of light appeard
Within the Eaſt: to ſettle to their worke,
and make our paſſage ſmother through the forde,
and leaſt they ſpyer we our ſelfe in perſon,
Will ouerlook them that by ten a clocke,
Within yonder plaine adiacent to Alcazar,
The lot of happy Fortune may be caſt,
Come Lords and each vnto his ſeuerall charges.

Muly. Brauely reſolud, my ſelfe will follow you,
and ſo it happen that Mahamet ſpéd,
I wreck not who or turk or chriſtian bléd. Exeunt.

The Trumpets ſounding to the Bataile. Enter abdelmeleck and ſebaſtian, fighting: after them againe, Muly Mahamet, and Muly hamet: then antonio: with ſome other paſſing away, then they retired back, abdelmeleck alone in the battell:

Abdel. Fetch me one drop of water any man:
and I will giue him Tanears wealthy Towne,
The ſands of africk, are ſo parching hot,
That when our blood doth light vpon the earth,
The drops do ſéeth like Caldrons as they ſtand,
Tell Made like Jack it cleaue vnto the howe,
Of our fierce Jenets: which ſunke vnder neath vs,
Ouercome with heate: ſome water, water howe.

soul. My Lord you haue bene very lately ſicke.
Running in haſt. and ſcarcely yet recoured your diſeaſe,

Withdraw your ſelfe out of the murdering preſſe:
Hazzard not ſo the ſafety of vs all.
abdel. Go ſaue and preach vnto the droughty earth
Perſwade it if thou canſt to ſhun the raine,
My ſoule to death is thirſty for reuenge,
Ruſh through the ranks, let the proud chriſtians know,
That abdelmeleck bowes their ouerthrow. (Exit ruining.

Enter Sebaſtian.

sebaſt. The ſun ſo heats our armor with his beames,
that it doth burne and ſeare our very fleſh,
that when we would ſtretch out our armes to ſtrike,
Our parched ſenewes crack like parchments ſcroles,
and fly in ſunder that our armes ſtands out
ſtife as our Launces, and our ſwords fall down,
Panting for breath.
and ſtick their enuious points into the earth:
Muli mah. there neuer yet was ſuch a heat before,
Since Phaiton ſet this vniuerſe on fier,
that the earth fearing he had liu'd againe,
and got into the charyot of the ſunn,
Opens her wide mouth like a gaping wall. Haſtilie.
sebaſt. Muli mahamet ſay, how ſtands the day?
muli mah. Fly, fly Sebaſtian: for the foe preuailes,
Dugall, who led fiue thouſand men of war,
Is now reuolted to the enemy,
farewell Sebaſtian, this our lateſt night,
I will aſſay to ſaue my ſelfe by flight.
Enter a companie ſet vpon sebaſtian, and kill him, they go out, enter a ſoldier bringing in abdelmeleck on his back, muli-mahamet following.
muli-hamet. I euer feard that my coragious Brother,
would wade ſo far: into this ſtorme of war,
that he would be too lauiſh of his perſon.
Soul. My Lord he died not by the dint of ſword;
But, being ouercome with toile and heate,

Not well recouered of his dangerous ſicknes,
Sunck downe for faintnes, and gaue vp his ſoule.
Muly In the ſecrets maner that thou canſt deuiſe,
Conuey his royall courſe into our tent,
for if his death ſhould once be blowne abroad,
It were a meanes to ouerthrow the day.
Enter a ſouldior running.
Exit ſouldier carrying his body.
Speake ſlaue who has thaduantage of the day.
Soul. Our valiant turques, and Moores haue got the field
Sebaſtyan ſlaine: Muly Mahamet fled,
And abdelmeleck crowned with victory.
Muly. Shine glorious ſun, and beare vnto the weſt
Newes of our conqueſt: and fright thoſe that dwell,
Vnder our feete with Terror of our name,
Raine in thy fiery palfreies yet awhile,
And trot them ſoftly on thoſe ayrie plancks,
To looke vpon the glory of the day. Exit.
Enter Don Antonio, diſguiſed like a prieſt fearefully
Looking a bout him.
Anto. Ah poore Antonio, which way canſt thou take,
But dreadfull horror dogs thee at the heeles:
Sebaſtian ſlaine, Muly Mahamet fled:
All Portingalls braue Infantries ſlaine,
and not a man of marke or note aliue.
Thou glad to hide thee in a prieſts diſguiſe,
Thy Chaplen, that came with thee to the warr,
and in this battell likewiſe loſt his life.
Heauen (be thou pleaſd) this yet may ſtand in ſtead:
If not, thy will then be accompliſhed.
Enter three or foure Turkiſh Soldiors.
1. Soul. See, heers a priеſt yet left aliue.
Sirra, come hether, how haſt thou eſcapt;
What, ſhall we kill him?
2. Soul. No, kill him not, firſt let vs ranſack him.

what

What haſt thou Sirra, that may ſaue thy life?
Anto. All that I haue my frends, ile giue ye frely,
So it may pleaſe ye but to ſaue my life:
Which to deſtroy will do ye little good.
2. Soul. Come then be breefe, lets ſee, what haſt thou?
Anto. This purſe containeth all the coine I haue,
Theſe Bracelets my dead Lord beſtowed on me,
That if I ſcapt, I might remember him,
In my deuotions and my daily praiers.
2. Soul. Whoſe preeſt waſt thou?
anto. Ferdinands, duke of Aueros.
2. Soul. Well liſten fellowes twil do vs little good
To kil him, when we may make benefit
By ſelling of him to be ſome mans ſlaue:
And now I call to mind the wealthy Moore,
amaleck that dwelles heer in the Feſſe, heele giue as much
as any man, how ſay ye ſhal it be ſo.
2 Soul. No better counſell can be.
anto. Thy will O God be done, what ere become of me

Chorus.

Thus of Alcazars battell in one day
three kings at once did loſe their haples liues.
Your gentle fauour muſt we needs entreat,
For rude preſenting ſuch a royall fight,
Which more imaginatian muſt ſupply:
Then all our vtmoſt ſtrength can reach vnto.
Suppoſe the Soldiours, who you ſaw ſurpriz'd,
the poore diſmaied prince antonio:
Haue ſold him to the wealthy Moore they talkt off,
And that ſuch time as needs muſt be allowed,
already he hath paſt in ſeruitude,
Sit now and ſee vnto our ſtories end,
all thoſe miſhaps that this poore Prince attend.

After antonio's going out
Enter Muly hamet with victorie.

Soul. The certen number that can yet be found,
and of the chriſtian Lords,
The Duke of averro: and the biſh. of Cambra, and Portua
The Iriſh Marques, Stukley, Count Tanara,
two hundred of the cheefe nobility of Portugall,
and muly Hamet, paſſing of the ford,
Off wiſt Lariſſa to eſcape by flight,
His horſe and he both drowned in the riuer.
muly. See that the Body of Sebaſtian,
Haue chriſtian and kingly Burial,
after his country maner for in life.
And Brauer ſpirit neere liued vpon the ſame,
and let the chriſtian bodies be interd,
for muly-mahamet: let his ſkin be flead,
from of the fleſh: from foote vnto the head,
and ſtuft within: and ſo be borne about,
through all the partes of our Dominions,
to terrifie the like that ſhall purſue,
to lift their ſwords againſt their ſouerayn.
And in Memoriall of this victory,
for euer after be this fourth of Auguſt,
Kept holy to the ſeruice of our godes,
Through all our Kingdoms and dominions.

Enter Stukley faint and wearie being wounded, with him Vernon.

Stuk. Come noble Vernon that I meete you heere,
Were the day far more bloudy then it is,
our hope more deſpate and our liues beſet,
With greater perill then we can deuiſe,
Yet ſhould I laugh at death and thinke this field,
But as an eaſie bed to ſlæp vpon.
Ver. Oh maiſter Stukley ſince there now remaines,
No way but one, and life muſt heere haue end,
Pardon my ſpeech, if in a word or two,
Whilſt here we breath vs, I diſcharg my ſoule.

# of Tho. Stukely.

I muſt confeſſe, your preſence I haue ſhund,
Not that I hate you but becauſe thereby,
That griefe which I did ſtudy to forget,
Was ſtill renewed, and therefore when we met,
In Ireland, Spaine, and at the laſt in Rome,
and that I ſaw I could no way direct,
My courſe but allwais you were in my way,
I thought if Europe I forſooke that then,
We ſhould be far enough aſſoinde but loe,
Euen here in Aphrick we are met againe,
and now there is no parting but by death.

Stuk. And then I hope that we ſhall méete in heauen,
Why maiſter Vernon In our birth we two,
Were ſo ordaind to be of one ſelfe heart,
to loue one woman, breath one country aire,
And now at laſt as we haue ſimpathizde,
In our affections lead one kind of life,
So now we both ſhall die one kind of death,
In which let this our ſpeciall comfort be,
That though this parched earth of Barbary,
Drinke no more Engliſh bloud but of vs twaine,
yet with this bloud of ours the bloud of kings,
ſhall be commixt, and with their fame our fame
ſhalbe eternizde in the mouthes of men.

Ver. Forgiue me then my former fond conceytes,
And ere we die let vs imbrace like frends,

Stuk. Forgiue me rather that muſt die before,
I can requite the frenſhip you haue ſhowne, Imbrace.
So this is all the will and teſtament,
That we can make our bodies we bequeath,
to earth from whence they came our ſoules to heauen,
But for a paſſing bell to towle our knell,
Our ſelues will play the ſexons and our ſwords,
ſhall ring our farwell on the burgonets,
Of theſe bloud thurſty and vnchriſtian turkes.

Enter.

Enter foure or fiue Italian ſouldiers,
They lay hands on him.

See where he is lay hands vpon him ſirs,
Stuk. Souldiers what meane ye? will you mutinise?
Ver. He is your Leader doe you ſeeke his life?
2. To lead vs to deſtruction, but if he
had kept his Oath he ſwore vnto the Pope,
we had beene ſafe in Ireland, where now
we periſh heere in Aphrick but before
we taſt of death, we vow to ſee him dead.
then braue Italians ſtab him to the heart,
That hath ſo wickedly behauide your liues,
Ver. First by ſlaines you ſhall tryumph in my death,
and either kill me ſtil or ſet him free.
Stuk. Heare me you bloudy villaynes.
2. Stab him ſouldiers.

Vernon fights with ſome of them to ſaue Stukly and is ſlaine of them, in the meane while the reſt ſtab Stukley

Stuk. Oh haue you ſlaine my freend.
2. Yet doth he prate.
Stuk. England farewell: what fortune neuer yet,
Did croſſe Tom Stukley in, to ſhow her frowne,
By treaſon ſuffers him to be ouerthrowne. Dies.

FINIS.